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NEWSPAPER

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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We welcome Lord Loreburn's appeal to the nation for a conference on the Home Rule Bill. We welcome it not because we can hope, much less believe, for a moment that the Ulster question can be settled at a round table. When a round-table conference was last held over Home Rule, if we remember aright, the Liberals—all members of the same party, all having common interests and acknowledging the same leader—could not adjust their own differences. How much more remote then is the chance of two peoples—Ulstermen and Nationalists—adjusting their differences when one of them is dead set on possessing, controlling the other; and this other dead set on not being possessed and controlled?

But we do warmly welcome Lord Loreburn's appeal because it shows that at length the extreme danger of the position is being borne in upon the wiser men of the Government party. At length they are coming to see—though even now grudgingly—that Ulster is a stark reality. Lord Loreburn quotes Lord Lansdowne and he quotes Lord Crewe and even Sir Edward Carson and finds in some things they have said hope that a settlement might be somehow reached. We wish him all the success he deserves in his rôle of peacemaker. But we warn him it is really no matter of Lord Lansdowne agreeing with Lord Crewe or even of Lord Crewe agreeing with Sir Edward Carson. Such a settlement *might* be made—though how was it that at the conference over the first Home Rule Bill no agreement was reached between even Liberals on loving terms with each other—Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Gladstone and Sir Henry James and Lord Hartington? The real root difficulty however is to make either the Ulsterman see things as the Nationalist sees them, or the

Nationalist as the Ulsterman. We do not believe that this miracle can be done on earth to-day.

Lord Loreburn's appeal is admirably expressed, and it is obviously sincere and heartfelt. "But we must say we think it a pity he defaced it—to satisfy his own side—with his sentence about it being "a blunder to take too tragically the prospect of a Protestant rising". Again, his tact is greatly wanting when he suggests stiffly that the troops will, if called on, not fail to maintain order. There is a sort of superior pomposity, a smugness, about these sayings that will make Ulster people more angry than ever. If Lord Loreburn will look over the passages in question we venture to think he may agree they leave an unfortunate impression.

Everybody is agreed to keep the Constitutional Law. It is looked on as an eleventh commandment divinely ordained in the interests of the British race. Unhappily nobody seems agreed as to what the Constitutional Law precisely is. We did not agree over it in regard to the Budget. We did not agree on it over the Parliament Act. And now we are differing about it as much as ever over the Crown. Lock Mr. Cave, Mr. Asquith, Professor Morgan, Lord Hugh Cecil, and Sir William Anson in a room and deny them refreshment till they reach a decision as to the Crown and a Dissolution of Parliament, they would come out of that room more emaciated than any suffragette after a long food strike.

Lord Hugh Cecil's point is that the King may refuse the advice of his ministers—that he may even dismiss them—but that this power is in practice "restricted by the condition that he must obtain advisers to bear the responsibility of his action". These advisers must, of course, be able to carry on with the support of Parliament and the country. According to Lord Hugh the King could refuse his assent to the Home Rule Bill provided he could get a Government to support him after he had refused. This is as clear as it is reasonable, and Sir William Anson agrees in the main. Professor Morgan argues that the king could do no such thing, since he could not, as a fact, avoid the responsibility of his action. Professor Morgan

does not hit the point as surely as Lord Hugh. His contention is in detail rather fanciful.

But nothing is surer than this—the question will not be decided on the strength, or weakness, of Constitutional Law. It will entirely depend on the pulse of the country. Tactics or strategy will come in; and when they come in, the exact Constitutional Law or precedent or tradition has a way of going out. Imagine, for example, some crushing by-election defeats of the Government before the passing of the Bill—that would bring a dissolution nearer than Constitutional Law or custom.

Dr. Macnamara at a Liberal garden party the other day was very scornful about the Unionist party and all its works. All it could do was "to mark time". Its "programme was abuse"—it is amusing when the coals call the kettle black!—and its "chief constructive plank was so unstable that performers on that platform took precious good care not to set foot upon it". We think we know another plank on which Dr. Macnamara and his colleagues "take precious good care" just now not to set foot lest they get the long drop—namely the General Election plank.

Lady Londonderry said what most thinking politicians know—but how few dare admit!—when she declared in a speech at Stockton the other day that we greatly needed a rest from legislation. She was referring especially to Radical plans of legislating against the landowners and those who depend on them. But the saying holds good of English life at large. There is a curious superstition among many people that to make laws in plenty is to make wealth and happiness in plenty; to "raise the masses"—that odious, insincere cliché—to make the poor less poor. For Captain Cuttle's "When found make a note of" they would substitute "When found make a law of".

Yet it is too true of a large proportion of the Acts of Parliament that they cause a certain amount of irritation, are abused and shirked for a time, and often in the end fall into contempt and disuse. The highways of English history, as Lowe might have said, are strewn with the skeletons of dead Acts of Parliament. We should like to have a complete list of the Acts of Parliament of the last fifty years or so that have wholly failed of their effect and are to-day waste paper. Acts of Parliament commonly add nothing whatever to the industry of men or to the output of the earth. Yet the credulous really seem to believe that in some mysterious way these Acts will turn fourpence into ninepence.

The "Westminster Gazette" discussing the article on "Sittlichkeit" in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW recalls a saying by Gladstone. "We remember", it says, "a formula used by Mr. Gladstone once (Lord Halsbury may perchance remember it too) that mistakes pardonable in private persons are scandalous in ex-Solicitors General." A most interesting formula, especially valuable just now, and we take leave even to improve on it thus: "*Mistakes pardonable in private persons are scandalous in Attorneys-General*". Which reminds us of a talk we had in the train lately between Bournemouth and Waterloo with a very strong Radical M.P. for a Scottish seat. He said: "Asquith ought to have made them go. Gladstone would have certainly turned them both out of the Government at once".

Complimenting King Constantine of Greece upon his success in war, was the Kaiser aiming at France? Next to the courage and devotion of the Greeks, said the Kaiser, it was the "well-tested Prussian principles of the conduct of war" which had enabled King Constantine to do gallantly and well. The French newspapers are indignant. Has not the French army principles of the conduct of war? Is not the Kaiser, by taking credit to himself, robbing France of pre-eminence as the military schoolmaster of Europe? Well, possibly the Kaiser, complimenting the Greeks upon their Prussian principles, intended a demonstra-

tion at the expense of French military genius; but we are surprised that Frenchmen should take it so nearly to heart. Napoleon and his marshals are not to be wiped out with a few victories of King Constantine according to Prussian principles. French officers should have the serenity of men who have no need to assert their merit.

The French are undoubtedly annoyed; but the affair is less important than the talk of Paris would have us believe. Naturally enough, French officers are sensitive to any sort of talk about Prussian principles. People in Paris, as in Berlin, are sensitive about the army. They feel about it like Neville Beauchamp felt at the moment of his challenge to Messieurs les Capitaines de la Garde Française. Meantime it will be interesting to see how Paris will welcome King Constantine, with his Prussian principles, when he comes. French virtues will then be severely at issue—courtesy for a guest struggling with tenderness for France's military distinction.

Germany has lost another "Zeppelin"—the eighth of her type to be utterly destroyed. But the German experts continue to believe in the gigantic airship. Nothing yet launched into the air could have lived in the storm of Tuesday last. More telling for the future than the disaster itself is the account of the ship's activity before the wreck. A large airship, 4000 feet up, beyond range of any earthly gun, able to manœuvre at discretion, sending wireless information to headquarters as to the enemy's movements and forces, dropping explosives upon army and fleet—this, as a weapon of war, is not a happy prospect for the army that neglects it. "The accident must be attributed to a higher power", runs the official German report. "The disaster in no wise diminishes the fighting value of the Zeppelin airships."

The position in China is desperate. This is not the time "to busy giddy minds with foreign quarrels." Civil war, outrage and bankruptcy are enough. The Northern troops, not content with half-sacking Nanking, must needs kill three Japanese subjects and let loose popular fury in Tokyo. The Japanese Government is now able to pick a quarrel with China when and if it chooses. The Chinese Government has expressed regret and promises an inquiry; but the Japanese Government could not, if it would, be put off with pious regrets and pious intentions. It officially declares that the murdered Japanese were killed on their way to the Consulate after they had definitely pleaded their nationality and exhibited the Japanese flag. It flatly demands apology for the offence, indemnity for the victims and punishment for the culprits. China must now submit.

Mr. Bryan has appeared at Salisbury, Maryland, with Seven Swiss Girls who "gave an exhibition of yodelling previous to his appearance". Mr. Bryan's share of the entertainment was a lecture "not for profit", he tells us, "but to educate". The Seven Swiss Girls are explained in a statement that "amusements are necessary to hold the crowds". They were one of the items "given to entertain the audience" in the pauses of Mr. Bryan's instruction. The point for decision between Democrats and Republicans in the United States is whether Mr. Bryan is a vaudeville artist or a political and social missionary.

A propos of Mr. Bryan's performances in America, Mr. Seely has this week rebuked a squadron of the 12th Lancers. These English soldiers took part in the manufacture of a cinematograph film; and "a sum of money was received in consideration of the services rendered". It is a striking contrast of taste and manners. A Cabinet Minister may in America appear with Seven Swiss Girls unchided and unabashed. In England a private of our Forces is expected to be more discreet. "Although", said Mr. Seely, "the display was not a public one, I do not regard the use of troops for such purposes as desirable, and those concerned have been so informed."



The diplomatic revelations of Count Hayashi are the sort of copy for the day which, usually, only a distant posterity is allowed to read. Within a few hours of their publication the newspaper in which they appeared was seized; reprinting of the revelations was forbidden; Reuter's telegrams of summary were stopped. But the mischief was done. Despatches posted from Tokyo came to London this week. The "Morning Post" had an almost complete account on Thursday.

It is an amazing story of diplomatic slimness, reading more like the plot of a well-made play than the everyday chances of diplomatic fence. It clearly shows how little the man with a newspaper can ever hope to know of foreign affairs, of what is being done by the half-dozen people in Europe who do know. Let him turn up the newspaper in whose foreign office intelligence he so implicitly believes, and see how much it had at the time of what Count Hayashi tells us now about the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Who among the wise men had "reason to believe" or had "been credibly informed" that Germany might have entered, or that Japan was playing a double game between England and Russia? Sir Valentine Chirol is not surprised; but then he is one of the few who really know, or can intelligently conjecture, a little of what is going on in the offices of Europe.

Clearest of all is the supreme astuteness of the Japanese ministers. Precisely at the time when they were drawing us into an alliance by working on our fears of a Japanese Alliance with Russia—when, in fact, they were virtually offering themselves as an ally of Great Britain against Russia in the Far East—they were also negotiating a compromise with the Tsar's ministers in S. Petersburg. Count Hayashi describes this double dealing as "outrageous". He did not like the job; as well he might not, for it was he that had to do the pretending.

It seems that Count Hayashi was actually in London with Lord Lansdowne when the Marquis Ito was on his way to S. Petersburg. Naturally Lord Lansdowne wanted to know what the Marquis Ito was about. Count Hayashi told Lord Lansdowne, in consecrated phrase, that the Marquis Ito's visit to S. Petersburg "had no special significance". He was travelling for his health. Let him come to London, suggested Lord Lansdowne. Count Hayashi pleaded that the weather was bad in London, and that the Marquis might not be able to stand the journey. Count Hayashi's account of Lord Lansdowne's polite incredulity is delicious. "Lord Lansdowne pointed out that the Marquis Ito had recently crossed the Atlantic, landing in France; and, if he was travelling for his health, he surely would not go to Russia." We recommend all our experts in foreign policy to study well the "Morning Post's" story of these negotiations. If they be made of penetrable stuff, it will make them humble.

Trade unions beyond all question have often helped workers to a better wage and a better state of labour. It is absurd and quite vain to overlook this, for it is a proven truth; and there is plenty of good work for trade unionists to do in many ways. But it is not less sure that the process known by the impudent euphemism of "peaceful persuasion" is often brutal bullying. There are probably thousands of convinced trade unionists who hate the practice quite as heartily as Mr. Francis, the magistrate at the Westminster Police Court. A peaceful persuader fared badly there on Saturday. He summoned a fellow-worker who had stiffly refused to be "persuaded" and who had brandished an old broken pistol, unloaded and hammerless. But Mr. Francis rightly dismissed the charge with scorn, and suggested that the pistol-er might well have summoned the persuader rather than the persuader the pistol-er.

Sunday's meeting of men and masters in Dublin was an orderly consultation. The old points are at issue. How are the men to be held to agreements made in

their behalf? Will the masters take back the men who have been locked out? The first point is the gravest problem of trade unionism. Resolutions in favour of collective bargaining are well enough; but masters see little advantage in binding themselves to keep a compact which their men refuse to observe as soon as it pinches. Trade union leaders must give their minds to the discipline of their own people and let politics alone.

Taking back men who have broken faith is thought by trade unionists to be highly reasonable conduct in an employer. Employers are not so sure. Hence the little difficulties which invariably follow the confusion of a strike or a lock-out as to whether this man or that is to be included in peace with honour. Usually it ends in "individual cases being taken upon merits".

The Dublin trade unionists are probably astonished at their own moderation. They have passed the mildest of resolutions in favour of the right to combine and the right publicly to speak their mind. Are these the men who battered the police a week ago? Their resolution is years behind the events that have brought it forth. Neither the right to combine nor the right of free speech is in question to-day. If the Dublin trade unionist were out for fair terms with his employer, if he had actually kept within the limits of last Sunday's resolution, if he had never heard of "sympathetic strikes" and "direct action", he might proudly lift an unbroken head in Dublin. As things have gone, Sunday's resolution is wisdom after the event, and we hope that wisdom will grow.

The evidence at the Aisgill inquiry so far is not reassuring. It is not comfortable to realise that while a train is travelling at high speed the engine-driver may be at the front of his engine oiling his auxiliary boxes, while the fireman is too busy with his fire and boiler to attend to the signals. How often does this sort of thing occur? Was it, as seems to be suggested by the men themselves, mainly due to the inferior quality of the coal? Professional pride is no doubt an excellent thing, and we can sympathise with the point of view of the driver, who, finding his engine not steaming properly, concentrates all his energies on his work. But no amount of keenness in doing his duty in one direction can atone for the neglect of signals.

Should the railwaymen be represented by trade union officials? The drivers, guards and others concerned in this disaster have refused representation, and their attitude has been endorsed by one of their comrades who has undergone a similar examination at a Board of Trade inquiry. In his opinion the ordeal is made more hard for the men by the attitude adopted by the assistant secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, and it was his experience at a similar inquiry that his case was in no way assisted by the representatives of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. This, from a railwayman, is striking.

Sir Oliver Lodge, in his address to the British Association, attacked the old scientific attitude towards things invisible. "The laws of science", he tells us, are vulnerable. "We do not know. We cannot be sure." Science, he says, is sceptical to-day; and the foundations of science are shaken. "It is my function to remind you and myself", said Sir Oliver, "that our studies do not exhaust the universe, and that if we dogmatise in a negative direction and say that we can reduce everything to physics and chemistry, we gibbet ourselves as ludicrously narrow pedants and are falling far short of the richness and fullness of our human birthright."

Sir Oliver Lodge, as an upholder of ultimate continuity, described the ether of space as "the universal connecting medium which binds the universe together and makes it a coherent whole instead of a chaotic collection of independent isolated fragments". He sees the whole of material existence as a steady passage

from past to future, only the single instant which we call the present being actual. As was expected, Sir Oliver clearly uttered his belief in the persistence of personality beyond bodily death.

Sir Oliver's depreciation of science as the ultimate measure of truth will attract many for its apparent chiming with revealed religion. But Sir Oliver was pleading indirectly for faith in the trivial forms of spiritualism which talk the language of science and profess to stand upon experiment and proof. His criticism of scientific method was not, in fact, the sort of criticism upon which the modern reconciliation between religion and science is based. Sir Oliver attacked scientific method as a means of dealing with material things. This is not the position of critics to-day, who admit the truths of science but question their relevance as applied to the truths of religion. Science objects to popular spiritualism, not because it is religion, but because it is bad science; whereupon Sir Oliver objects to science because science objects to popular spiritualism. But the modern upholders of religion do not object to science. They have perceived that there cannot be antagonism between seekers after truth moving upon different planes of thought.

The dust problem looks very different to the man in the car from what it does to the man on foot. In these days of almost universal motoring it is necessary to remember sometimes that the pedestrian does exist and that he has rights. Not that the motorist is as a rule inconsiderate, but, in the nature of things, his ideas about dust are likely to be one-sided. Sir James Crichton-Browne now predicts a plague of tetanus as the result of the dust-laden whirlwinds created by motor traffic. Lockjaw it seems is on the increase, and the micro-organism from which it springs lurks in dust upon the highways. And there are minor ills. The real remedy is tarring the roads.

Perhaps the most irritating habit of our censors of literature—public and private—is their phlegm. A play is prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain or a novel is taken out of the library windows. Immediately there is an outcry of authors. It is explained that the play or the novel is fine-art and clean-thinking. Every kind of author rushes into print with letters of despair. The vials of sarcasm, irony, even of invective, are emptied upon the head of Mr. Brookfield or upon the heads of reading committees of the circulating libraries. But the official silence of our censors is unbroken. They are impenetrable. They neither explain nor justify. This is the more exasperating as the English public has a rooted tendency to believe in silent strength. It is always ready to credit the man who says nothing with more in his head than the man who leaves nothing unsaid. The public is at this moment comparing, not at all to their advantage, the speech of Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Mackenzie with the silence of the modest gentlemen who have suppressed them. It does not occur to the English public that sometimes people say nothing because they have nothing to say.

William Carew Hazlitt, who died this week, was an industrious worker in various by-ways of literature. But, to tell the truth, the glamour is in the name he bore and not in the work he did. His grandfather was not one of the supreme figures in English literature, but he was a very interesting one. He had a noble vigour in writing. He never dropped to a platitude, and his English sometimes was magnificent. We know of nothing finer in English prose than his criticism of Coleridge and his account of Coleridge's talk—how he talked on for ever and one wished him to talk on. Lovely too was his rhapsody on the woods of Tuderley.

Through those things he deserved—and may get—immortality. Hazlitt is not read to-day as he should be. We commend his essays to all who want to enjoy good English. A course of Hazlitt and of Landor regularly every year would do most educated people some good.

#### MR. ASQUITH'S GAMBLE.

NEVER have Mr. Balfour's splendid powers of lucid exposition, of patient conciliation, and of calm forcible denunciation and warning, been employed to better purpose or in a nobler cause than they were at Haddington last Saturday, in protesting against the infamy said to be contemplated by Mr. Asquith in engineering through the Home Rule Bill. Not even the most servile Liberal party hack now has the impudence to affect any longer to doubt the stern reality of Ulster's determination. They know she will resist by force the Prime Minister's attempt to thrust her loyal and vigorous population out of their birthright as citizens of the United Kingdom at the dictation of Mr. Redmond and Mr. Patrick Ford. Lord Loreburn admits it by his appeal to the nation for a conference to settle the dangerous question, and so prevent bloodshed. Whether the full extent of this resistance was foreseen by Mr. Asquith and his accomplices may be a doubtful point, in view of the conflicting, not to say prevaricating, electioneering addresses of Mr. Birrell and Mr. Asquith and their colleagues—Mr. Balfour, with characteristic charity, is inclined to believe that they did not foresee it. Anyhow, they see it now, for they are neither fools nor blind, and the question for Mr. Asquith now is, will he consult the people upon it while there is yet time to avoid bloodshed?—or will he, to avoid the risk of two years' loss of office and power, choose the shocking alternative of forcing the measure into law, and then consulting the people, with the absolute certainty of a civil war that will not be confined to Ulster, and that may not be confined to Ireland?

Mr. Balfour shows, by an exhaustive examination of all the possibilities involved in this choice, that the only conceivable reason why the Prime Minister should refuse to advise a Dissolution before the fateful passage of the Bill into law—apart, of course, from the irresponsible dictation of Mr. Redmond—is that he feels quite certain that, whenever the Dissolution takes place, he and his log-rolling Coalition will be swept out of England and Scotland.

For it is quite obvious that, if there were even an off-chance of his success, the immense advantage that Mr. Asquith would gain from such a success before the Bill became law would be such as to make him eager to grasp it. For so far as Ulster is concerned, half the bitterness and half the sting of the measure would be taken out of it by the elimination of the fraud and the chicanery, the indirect bribery and the jockeying, and the open and undisguised sale of votes by conspiring factions, that are now the very essence of the methods by which it is being forced into law. It may, of course, be admitted, as England and Scotland are mainly Protestant countries, and as Scotland is largely Presbyterian, that it must always be exceedingly unlikely that the people of England and Scotland will ever consent, without such fraud and jockeying, to hand over the loyalists of Ulster to the tender mercies of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. But that argument cannot be used to excuse Mr. Asquith now, for it involves the open confession that his contemplated action is in direct defiance of the will of the British people. Moreover, as Mr. Balfour very aptly points out, a Dissolution, and an appeal to the people before the Bill is passed into law, would not, if successful, make one hour's difference in the time at which it can receive the Royal assent under the Parliament Act.

This is a very useful point to note in connexion with the striking arguments of Lord Hugh Cecil and Sir W. Anson. They insist that the sovereign can refuse to take the advice of his Ministers on the Home Rule Bill if he can form another Government which has the confidence of the country.

On the other hand, if Mr. Asquith's appeal to the people were unsuccessful—as is certainly very likely—it would indeed rob him of two years of office and power, but it would save him from a great disgrace. Mr. Redmond and some of the agitators might complain,



and even counsel resistance—but Land Purchase would go merrily ahead and the bulk of Ireland would be only too thankful to accept the national verdict as bringing with it the continuance and renewal of agricultural and commercial prosperity. The resistance of the agitators would be a small thing compared with the resistance of Ulster.

But now, if Mr. Asquith, having good and evil before him this day to choose from, deliberately chooses the evil course of delaying the Dissolution until after the Home Rule Bill has passed into law, Mr. Balfour shows with absolute certainty that such an "atrocious policy", such "gross immorality" as he rightly terms it, will only land us in a Reign of Terror, whichever way the elections may then go. Fighting will have begun, or will certainly begin immediately throughout Ireland, and perhaps even in England and Scotland. The passions of the people will have been roused to fever-heat. Religious animosities such as we have not known since the reign of James II. and the Trial of the Seven Bishops will have come into play. The Battle of the Boyne and the Siege of Londonderry may have to be fought over again. The prosperity, if not the very civilisation, of this country will be set back for years. And all for what? Not because Mr. Asquith is, or is not, turned out of office two years earlier or two years later, but because he will not even risk the two years' loss of the sweets of office in order to save his country from such ills.

It is not too much to say that, to the mind of any educated and intelligent man or woman who takes the trouble to read Mr. Balfour's masterly speech, these considerations emerge as hard undeniable facts. Mr. Balfour appeals, first of all, to Mr. Asquith himself and the members of his Cabinet—secondly, to those Liberal members of Parliament to whom their country's welfare and the lives of their fellow-countrymen are more important than their own £400 a year—thirdly, to the silent voters throughout the country who think of these things when they record their votes—and lastly, to the great Unionist phalanx, far more than half the population in England, now probably far more than half in Scotland, and a powerful and resolute minority in Ireland, to whom the duty of immediate and prolonged fighting must fall. Will not these classes respond to the appeal?

Mr. Balfour, always prone to think the best possible of his political opponents, has much hope of the Cabinet, because, after all, "they are men brought up in the traditions of British liberty—they have had the training of British statesmen, and I will never believe they are going to try to govern us, in connexion with this Ulster Home Rule question, as if we were a South American or a Central American Republic". Yes, but have they had that training?—have they held to those traditions? Unpleasant memories arise of the Preamble to the Parliament Act, of Mr. Asquith's "debt of honour" that "brook'd no delay" and still is unpaid, of Sir Edward Grey's "death and damnation" in Single Chamber Government, of the astounding reticences and mental reservations in the Marconi debate of last October, and other "regrettable incidents". But however that may be, let us hope that the Prime Minister at least may show himself worthy of the "traditions" and the "training" of which Mr. Balfour speaks.

As to any such hopes of the Liberal rank-and-file in the present House of Commons, they have as a rule shown such self-effacement that even Mr. Balfour can hardly be very sanguine about them. The only independence that has been shown, except on rare occasions, has been on the part of two or three representatives of the Celtic Nonconformists of Cornwall, a very different breed from the Celtic supporters of the "Meanest Little Bill".

But it is another thing with the moderate Liberals and the silent voters in the constituencies. Of them perhaps Mr. Balfour was justified in his prediction—"I believe such a storm of passionate indignation will be aroused" (by the betrayal and persecution of Ulster)

"that no Government however anxious to use to the utmost the powers which they have snatched under the interim Constitution will dare to carry out their original policy to its extreme and bitter end". Meanwhile Mr. Asquith plays golf.

#### SPIRIT RAPPING AT BIRMINGHAM.

THE attractive personality and vivid delivery of the President of the British Association gave his Address a coherence that is not quite apparent in reading it. Sir Oliver Lodge was in a difficult position. The traditions of his predecessors allowed him the widest latitude in the choice of a subject, in the mode of handling it, and in the opinions to be conveyed, and there is a distinguished precedent for every attitude of mind, from a deep piety to almost aggressive rejection of faith. But in the vast majority of cases Presidents of the British Association for the Advancement of Science have made the achievements and hopes of science their standard for a criticism of life, and to whatsoever conclusion they may have reached, they have advanced with assured confidence in the methods of science. It was plain that the body of Sir Oliver's address was an apology for its conclusion; it was in the conclusion that his voice swelled and his intonation became prophetic, and it was there that he was courageously at variance with most of his audience, in matter and method.

Sir Oliver Lodge believes that memory and affection, the human qualities we know, are not "limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now", that personality is continuous beyond the grave, and that discarnate intelligence may in some fashion react upon or communicate with our incarnate senses. His language was purposely vague, but it was clear enough that he was stating a belief not in the superhuman sphere of spiritual religion, but in the trivial manifestations of spiritualism. He rejects a Mediator and accepts a medium. A multitude of witnesses show that complete acceptance of the methods of science is compatible with a full belief in revealed religion. These methods, however, are not harmonious with the vagaries of spiritualism, the manifestations of which appear to require a preliminary acceptance of the conclusions, or, at the least, an ardent desire for these conclusions, on the part of the investigator. A man who is working out a scientific problem welcomes the presence of the sceptic, and feels most assured when the conditions of the experiment are most rigid, most sedulously arranged to prevent evasive results.

Sir Oliver Lodge devoted the greater part of his address to depreciation of science, and to what we regard as a misinterpretation of its present position. He diagnoses the existing condition as one of rapid progress combined with fundamental scepticism. No one can dispute the rapid progress; in the department of physics alone, the discovery of x-rays and of spontaneous radio-electricity, and the isolation of electrons, the units of negative electricity, have opened up new fields of investigation, modified existing theory and made new departures in speculation. It is true also that there are controversies in all the departments of science, on vitalism in physiology, on the structure of atoms in chemistry, on inheritance in biology, and on continuity in mathematics and physics. But these do not affect the methods of science; they allege no new standard of evidence; they have increased rather than depressed our hope of extending knowledge of the material world. They have broken down barriers that seemed insuperable, they have re-opened questions which appeared to be settled, and they have infused new life into the pursuit of knowledge. It is an abuse of language to say that the foundations of science are shaken, because new facts have thrown doubt upon, or even overturned, conclusions that seemed to be accepted. Throughout the whole field of science there is an almost feverish activity, a violent ferment of debate, a state of affairs that is almost diametrically

opposed to the cold indifference associated with scepticism. So far from there being any signs of a recognition of a more limited scope for science, its activity and its endeavour increase almost day by day. We find it difficult to follow Sir Oliver when he says that science is limited to things that can be measured, and in his subtle conclusions from the triumphant progress of discontinuity. It is quite true that measurements of time and space are categories of our minds, that the marks on a scale or the ticks of a recording instrument are imagined divisions, and not real joints in an articulated substratum. They are a method of comparison, a means of eliminating personal bias by supplying a standard that has an actual objectivity because it is coincident in different subjects. It has no necessary relation to the extended universe, but it is the means by which we can make that universe intelligible to ourselves and to others. The fact that we have not yet found standards of measurement for beauty, or art, or emotion, does not mean that these are beyond the pale of measurement, outside the province of science. It may be that they are, but step by step we are learning how to deal with them, and we have at least the right to deny the assertion that the attempt to deal with them must be abandoned as futile. Still more have we the right to be critical of methods that are outside the region of proof, that ape the language of science, and conform with the practice of deception and credulity. When Sir Oliver asserts that science has "no authority in denials" he is confusing the issue. Huxley, writing on miracles, put the case much more clearly. He reiterated that science did not and could not deny the possibility of what in our present knowledge we must regard as miraculous, but that it did and could accept or reject evidence. The objection of science to the kind of beliefs stated by Sir Oliver Lodge in the conclusion of his address, is not a priori rejection of the possibility of these phenomena, but to the dubious evidence urged in support of them.

#### THE INCUBUS OF GAMES.

THERE is an aspect of the Olympic business which is being quite overlooked, yet it is one of the highest importance to the whole nation. Are not games of nearly every kind, a hundred different kinds of them, being quite over-played in the British Isles to-day? Wellington said (or did not say) that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. Some thinking people have a very definite impression that Armageddon will be lost there. But minorities count for little to-day, and the idolatry of games would no doubt endure indefinitely if its only enemies were those who regard it as a stumbling-block to national progress. But certainly there are many others who are beginning to look on the sport craze as something much worse—as a bore. Mr. Kipling ten years ago attacked the "muddled oaf" and the "flannelled fool" in perhaps too Calvinistic a spirit. He created a sense of horrid sacrilege. The methods of Voltaire will be more effective in this matter than those of Knox. If, as a zealous breaker of images, you cannot yourself shake off the notion that the idol of Somnauth has some sinister essence, you are hampered from the start. If you veritably believe it to be a mere sham of coarse pottery, it is easier to get it reduced to a "confused jingle of intrinsic potsherds", and abolished as a god for ever. So far sensible men have been too much inclined to sermonise over the games maniac. In treating him as any other victim of excess is treated lies the best hope of restoring a proper sense of perspective. The man who talks golf in and out of season, the bore who insists on bringing cricket into a general conversation, has a licence allowed to no other kind of "shop". The amateur photographer who insisted on discussing the advantages of orthochromatic over ordinary plates would be speedily brought to a sense of his enormity. But the man who plays with a ball of any kind is allowed complete liberty to desolate any circle in which he happens to move.

The secret of this immunity is that the average

Englishman, who must be something of a hypocrite always, is now chiefly a hypocrite as regards games. Pecksniff to-day would not radiate morality; he would talk about cleeks and brassies, beguile old Martin Chuzzlewit by letting him win on the eighteenth hole, and pop the question to May on the third tee. There are thousands of people who detest the whole jargon of games, and prefer a plain walk or ride to any species of juggling with balls. But put any one of these moral cowards among a set of golf or tennis enthusiasts, and he dares not give expression to the dark thoughts that are in him. To profess an entire indifference to all recognised forms of sport is to argue one's self a foguey. It is the social sin for which there is no forgiveness. And yet the whole business is largely artificial. We are games-mad simply because it is the selfish interest of a few that we should be so, and the interest of nobody in particular that we should not be. For games as recreation there is of course a natural and rational basis. The healthy Englishman likes fresh air, and enjoys muscular exertion and the exercise of his powers of eye and judgment. That is quite a sufficient explanation of the love of sport which has always distinguished us, and against which the gloomy zeal of Puritanism beat in vain. But sport in the modern sense is too often the creation of vested interest. Racing has become a business just as much as the furnishing trade. Twenty meetings a year might satisfy the real demand. Football is wholly a commercial venture; cricket is rapidly losing its soul. Even golf is beginning to be suspect of too much professionalism; it has long reached that perilous stage when the machinery of the game is more important than the game itself. There is, too, scarcely a form of sport in which the manufacturer of apparatus, the outfitter, the advertising tradesman of one kind or another is not deeply interested, and this fact has an important influence on the growth of the craze. The chief peculiarity of trade to-day is that it does not aim merely to supply wants. It creates them. Nobody wanted ping-pong, for example, except the tradesmen who had ventured capital in making ping-pong balls and rackets. Nobody wanted that other curious game "Diavolo", save the speculator who had made a corner in the apparatus. Yet the English world went mad over ping-pong for two years, and did its best to lose its senses over "diavolo". Why? Some wickedly say because the tradesman is hand-in-glove with the advertisement canvasser of some paper or other. The public is assured that everybody is playing some game, and the suburban reader quickly reaches the conviction that unless he plays it too he will be completely out of touch with essential civilisation. Ping-pong amateur associations are formed, elaborate rules are made, a corner of a sporting page is devoted to ping-pong. This is an extreme illustration of the purely manufactured "sport". But the joint influence of the advertiser and the newspaper on all games is persistently enormous. The public simply dances to a tune set by half-a-dozen interested fiddlers. There is no reason in the law of nature why the kicking of a football at Sunderland should be of more interest, say, than the preparations of Ulster to resist Home Rule. On the face of it, the one seems really rather more important than the other. But there is steady revenue from the encouragement of what is humorously called "genuine sport".

It is, of course, futile to hope that the British democracy will regain a reasonable sense of perspective of its own motion. As well might one expect the Madrileno to clamour for the abolition of the bull-fight. But it is time the educated classes cleared their minds of cant on this subject. The old nonsense that we are a great nation because of our addiction to games has done mischief enough. Games are well enough in moderation, though, as a sole means of physical education, no game yet invented is really to be compared with the discipline men get under arms. But interest in games in this country chiefly means watching and reading about them—to the physical bankruptcy of the enthusiast. Clearly we are not on the right path.



Why keep up the pretence that all is well, or can be made well by a double dose of the professional spirit in sport? It is not by this frantic worship of records that our manhood can be kept.

### THE CITY.

**M**ARKETS have been a little livelier this week. The steady stream of investment orders has continued, and there has been a spasmodic inquiry for some of the more speculative securities. In point of fact, however, there are many professional dealers who do not wish to see a rise in prices yet. In several departments—notably in Rubbers, Kaffirs and Home Rails—there is a fairly large bear account. A “backwardation” was paid on some of the leading Rubber shares at the settlement and the floating supply of stock all round the “House” is very small. It follows therefore that a relatively small amount of public buying would cause quite a rapid advance. Some indications of this have been apparent in the last few days. Home Rails, for example, have jumped up sharply with very few shares changing hands. A rumour that there is a buyer about suffices to put prices higher. On the other hand, the markets are so completely in the hands of professionals that a hint that a broker has a line of stock to sell will keep a market in a dull condition for a day.

It may be that the professional bears are right in their views of the three departments mentioned. Home Rails cannot make a sustained advance while labour threatens, and any serious agitation for increased safeguards against accidents would be regarded as a bear point. The labour position as regards Kaffirs is also calculated to keep the public out for some months, and, as far as Rubbers are concerned, there seems to be a widespread conspiracy to emphasise all the adverse points in connexion with the plantation industry and to ignore favourable factors.

Perhaps the best bull point for the Stock Exchange is the accumulating evidence of a reaction in trade. Last month's imports showed a considerable decrease after due account being taken of the extra Sunday, which meant one less working day in the month, and the exports would have been £2,000,000 down but for the delivery of a battleship abroad, which swelled the total. If trade continues to decline there should be more money for the Stock Exchange.

New issues are being held back by the fear of a little monetary strain during the next few weeks. The Victoria loan of £2,000,000 is an unimportant item, because nearly the whole of the amount is to meet maturing bonds, and therefore does not represent new borrowing. The Metropolitan Water Board will make an issue soon, and there is talk of an Indian loan; but these requirements do not appear to be very urgent. The City of Winnipeg wants £2,600,000 for a water scheme, but this expenditure will be spread over four or five years. The Balkan loans will apparently take some time to arrange, and the longer these issues are postponed the better it will be for the markets.

Advices regarding the financial position in Canada are now more encouraging, and as the crop news is good Canadian Pacifics are being tipped to go well over 230. Grand Trunks are also a very firm market. American stocks are rather irregular. Union Pacifics had a sharp advance on rumours of a bonus to come from the Company's sale of its Southern Pacific stock, but in view of the heavy depreciation in value of the Company's investments during the last two years it is extremely unlikely that the directors will make any such distribution, especially as there are several ways in which they can employ any surplus funds to advantage. The passing of the Tariff Bill should cause temporary activity in trade owing to the release of merchandise that has been held up in the bonded warehouses. This should increase railroad traffics, but may create a bigger demand for money.

Foreign railway securities are displaying strength now that it is understood that all the stock involved in the serious failure which occurred a few months ago has

been liquidated. Paraguay Central Debentures are receiving special attention on the news that the through route from Buenos Ayres to Asuncion will be completed next month. As regards the Mexican (Vera Cruz) line it is expected that the dividend for last half-year will be at the rate of 4 per cent., but owing to the heavy fall in exchange some misgivings are entertained regarding the outlook for the current half-year. The present rate of about 18d. for the Mexican dollar compares with 24d. not long ago, a decline of 25 per cent., which is of course a serious matter for the Company, but it is hoped that before many months the exchange will have made a sharp advance. In the meantime the Mexican Railway is not sending any cash to London. It is rumoured that the United Railways of the Havana has earned about 9 per cent. on its Ordinary stock in the past year, and that the dividend will be 5 per cent.

The declaration of an initial dividend of 5 per cent. by the Associated Portland Cement Company is in accordance with expectations. It is a great achievement on the part of Lord S. Davids and his supporters.

Consols (Thursday's closing), 73½—73½; for the October Account, 73½—73½.

Bank Rate, 4½ per cent.; previous, 5 per cent. (17 April).

### INSURANCE.

#### SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND.

**A**FTER the present year has ended the liabilities of the Scottish Widows' Fund Life Assurance Society will be ascertained and the accumulated surplus will then be distributed among those policyholders who are entitled to participate. The amount which will be available for division must necessarily remain unknown until Mr. G. J. Lidstone, who recently succeeded the late Mr. Neil B. Gunn as actuary and manager of the Society, has completed his valuation, and the directors make their report. Provision will unquestionably have to be made for depreciation of securities, and the sum likely to be required for the purpose cannot be estimated. It is probable, all the same, that the surplus will again prove satisfactorily large and enable the former high rate of bonus to be maintained, albeit the investigation will on the coming occasion cover a period of only five years, instead of seven as before. During the four years ended 1912 the prosperity of the business was in certain respects most pronounced, and it is further understood that latterly the demand for assurances has been exceptionally great, proposals being stimulated by the knowledge that all profit policies taken out before 31 December next will share in the surplus.

It is easy indeed to be optimistic, notwithstanding the general contraction of values. When the last valuation was made, as at 31 December 1908, the combined funds showed a total of £19,197,075, and since then the aggregate has risen to £21,437,988, giving £560,228 as the average annual rate of accumulation. This rate, or amount, compares with £465,378 in the 1902-08 septennium, when £222,046 had to be written off the value of investments, or with £497,099 before provision had been made for that purpose. It is evident from these figures that the ability of the Scottish Widows' Society to accumulate resources has recently been possessed in a higher degree than ever in the past, and a further examination of the accounts strengthens the opinion that the business has remained thoroughly profitable, irrespective of the question of depreciation. In the matter of new business the Society has, at any rate, made notable progress of late. Prior to 1908 the new assurances averaged about £1,500,000 per annum, but in that year—the last of the septennium—they totalled £2,052,500, after reassurances had been deducted. Since then the propaganda of the Society has been most successful. In 1909 the amount retained was £2,082,794; in 1910, £2,373,470; in 1911, £2,402,972; and in 1912, £2,503,950. Moreover the sale of annuity bonds has materially increased, and some capital redemption policies have been issued. As a result of these important gains, the premium

income, which amounted to £1,185,761 net in 1908, had risen to £1,337,128, or by more than £150,000, in 1912, and meanwhile the net receipts from interest, after deduction of income tax, had advanced from £721,639 to £818,971, or by more than £97,000.

In the case of a life office which will shortly celebrate its centenary such increases would be most remarkable in any case, but they are simply wonderful in view of the rigid economy that has been enforced by the management. Although commission is paid to agents by the Scottish Widows' Society, the directors have constantly, and most wisely, set their faces against extravagance, and the important gains to which attention is called were secured at a very slightly increased cost. Throughout the twenty-eight years, 1881-1908, the septennial expenditure of the Society is given in "Surplus Funds" as follows: 1881-7, 10.46 per cent.; 1888-94, 10.18 per cent.; 1895-1901, 10.07 per cent.; and 1902-8, 10.16 per cent. Since then the expense ratios, according to the yearly reports, have been £11 2s. 10d. in 1909, £10 7s. 4d. in 1910, £10 9s. 9d. in 1911, and £10 10s. 4d. last year. For all intents and purposes, therefore, the expenditure during a period of exceptional expansion remained unaltered, and the reasonable supposition is that the profit from loadings saved increased. Interest earnings have also to be considered. In the 1895-1901 period the average gross rate earned was about £3 18s. 3d. per cent., and this was followed by £3 19s. 2d. per cent. in the succeeding septennium, when the annual rate varied from £3 17s. 11d. per cent. in 1903 to £4 1s. 5d. per cent. in 1908. A marked improvement was subsequently obtained, successive rates having been £4 1s. 9d. in 1909, £4 2s. 4d. in 1910, £4 2s. 10d. in 1911, and £4 3s. 6d. in 1912. Considerably larger interest profits have consequently been realised, and it is indisputable that the mortality of the Society has remained most favourable. Only 86 per cent. of the amount shown by the actuarial tables in use had to be provided for death claims in 1909; 68 per cent. in 1910; 73.6 per cent. in 1911; and 74.4 per cent. last year. For the four years, therefore, the profit from suspended mortality averaged about 24 per cent. on an amount largely in excess of one million pounds.

#### THE NIGHTMARE NEWSPAPER.

MR. ROBERT DONALD, the Editor of the "Daily Chronicle", is a good friend and an able journalist and organiser. There is moreover nothing of that "sowre complexion" about him that repels one in some righteous Radicals. But we confess that the speech he made a little time ago on the ideal newspaper and the newspaper system of to-day or to-morrow has rankled and rankled within us till we can stand it no longer. It might have passed out of the mind, like a hated dream, in a few days, had it not been for the comment on the speech which began forthwith in one or two journals and has run on ever since.

We chanced to open a paper only the day before yesterday, once more to see Mr. Donald exalted to the skies almost—as if he were ripe to edit an organ in Paradise. That was the last provocation. We must say at once that Mr. Donald's vision of the journal of to-morrow and his description, as we understand it, of the ideal journal of to-day appears to be a profoundly depressing, unhappy thing. He may be right. The ideal journal to-morrow, worse than America's worst, may be simply a huge, grabbing shareholders' concern. Its first business may be to pile up the dividends, and there may virtually be no second business to trouble one's head about. True, Mr. Donald did not put it in this brutal direct way, but dividends loomed so large in what he did predict that one could not escape the disgusting conclusion that in the end the one thing which would really matter would be money. Something was said about conscience or the feeling of responsibility in journals and journalists; and one is sure that no journal which Mr. Robert Donald controlled would be without a conscience; but, at the annual meeting of shareholders or at any of the board meetings of the

ideal newspaper of to-morrow, it strikes us that conscience—and responsibility, in a nobler sense—must take a back seat indeed.

We view then with horror the ideal newspaper which Mr. Donald predicts, and on which various journals have been dwelling since he spoke. We do not so much mind the way it is to be distributed—whirled about through the air, like mad, making night very hideous with the sound of its aeroplanes. We could even overlook the wireless pocketable telephones, or some other inventions of the devil, which, Mr. Donald explains, will be carried about by the reporters. Those things are abominations of course, but they revolt only the body—they need not contaminate the soul. We view this nightmare newspaper of the near future with horror and disgust because it will not have a soul at all; and, if by any chance it did start with one, would swop it for sovereigns.

But scarcely less, if less at all, we view it with loathing because the vision of it presents a print which must be utterly remote from anything in the nature of style, form, love of the exact word, love of a phrase for its own sweet sake. It is impossible that the idealists who are to hoick together and sort out and "cut" the stuff out of which the anxious, hungry shareholders are to make their profits can have the faintest feeling for any of these most excellent things—the things which put print above the other arts perhaps, even above painting and music. They will not have time, nor the desire, they will not have the instinct, to linger over a word, to weigh and choose delicately. They will have in fact as much taste as the smart salesman in a general provisions emporium. The refinements of print will appeal to those who are to run the ideal journal as they would to the young men who wrap up and hand over the counter sugar and cheese and flour in blue paper parcels.

Finally Mr. Donald gives notice to the "writing editor" of the ideal newspaper of to-morrow. He does not do it unkindly. He seems to say in effect "There is no room or demand for you, my friend. The shareholders are not out for writing—they are out for their Dividends".

Cowley in one of his delightful, leisurely essays spoke of London as all belly and no palate. That will doubtless be the state of everybody concerned in turning out the ideal journal—and of everybody who reads it. One has heard a great deal about Mr. Hearst and his press. Well, even his dragons may be "mellow music" compared with those of the ideal paper of to-morrow.

Perhaps it may be urged that the business of the Press lies not in this at all—that newspapers never have dealt much in matters of fastidious form and in refinements. Up to a point this is true of course. The old journalism was not pure literature, and a few days ago, turning over a packet of unpublished letters of Sydney Smith, we lit on one declaring that a leading newspaper of the time—1802 or 1803—was not really literary though it reviewed books largely. Literature is not good business for a daily paper was Sydney Smith's conclusion. Still the old journal had deportment—the ideal journal we are warned to look out for can hardly have decency even.

In its ravening hurry to be on the street, in its contrivances for collecting and boiling down and distributing news, news, nothing but news, how can it care for any of the things which demand a little time to think and dally in, the choice of a word, the turning and re-turning of a phrase or sentence? Such a demand implies a withdrawal for a short while from the whirl, and that might throw the whole satanic machine out of gear.

So the birth of the ideal newspaper of to-morrow must mean the death and funeral of form, style, nicety, all things of the kind that tell—or do not tell—in the public print. It is a hateful prospect; for these things are not mere kickshaws to tickle a fastidious taste. Nor are they pedantic trifles for superior persons. They matter tremendously, because they touch the conscience and the soul. They stand for all that is best in the art of writing; and without them the world of print would be a howling wilderness. All public prints which scorn



them are like Owen Feltham's "idle books"—nothing else but "corrupted tales in ink and paper": and "he that angles in these waters is sure to strike the torpedo, that, instead of being his food, confounds him".

G. A. B. D.

### THE BRIGHTON ROAD.

BY A WAYFARER.

IN spite of all that modern lyrists have sung of the charms of "the open road", English highways, since the coming of Macadam, have seldom been quite happy ground for the man who travels for travel's sake. Before the birth of the bicycle, when the combustion-engine still slept in the womb of time, the nation of those who want to arrive persecuted the tribe of those to whom the means is the end, who but desire the glory of going on. Only on the less frequented highways, under certain conditions of weather, on spring mornings or in the misting cool of October twilights, at a due interval after rain, could the genuine vagabond come into his own and escape from the company of the slaves of necessity at their tasks, the farm-carts, market-drovers, butchers and bakers on their rounds, ceremonial bouches and families removing, which turned him out of his right line of march and of meditation, and threw him their largess of mud or dust as they went by. Forty years ago the rambler's real pleasure lay away from the road, down the foot-pathway, over stiles which led to wood-walks or labyrinthine tracks among the heather. But in those days there were hours, the dust being laid and the road solitary, when the good level going, the beckoning of the straight lines converging to the blue horizon, made him swing out with an unforgotten enjoyment, even on such a hackneyed thoroughfare as the Brighton Road; he revelled in the sight of Surrey or Sussex on the right and the left of him, in the sounds and smells of the country, in the mere covering of the ground, though assuredly the last place he would be going to on the Brighton Road would be Brighton.

It is a curious experience for any old walker to renew his acquaintance with that road to-day, and discover that it is practically reserved for those who are going to or from that delectable terminus. If he should strike the congested "artery of traffic" at the point, let us say, where Clayton Hill under the dismantled windmills gives the sudden outlook northwards over the whole width of the Weald, or at the place below Handcross where the South Downs first rise in their full height of airy blue, the rounded swell of Ditchling Beacon and the square-scarped end of Wolstonbury, he will find changes of a sufficiently agitating kind. The road is no more a road, but a black asphalt *piste*, worn into grooves and pot-holes and slobbered over with patches of green and iridescent grease. At a cross-road corner stands an official in a costume with blue facings and a flat cap, something like a German cavalry officer in a musical comedy, who salutes the motor-cars as they pass and signals to the obsolescent pedestrian that he may at the proper moment venture to cross the track, much as a policeman heartens the expectant rustic on the kerb to plunge into the mid-Charybdis of Trafalgar Square. Let the explorer cross the danger-zone, and comparatively secure on the further side in the shelter of a reassuringly substantial telephone-pole, watch the phenomenon of traffic-development as it goes by. To an observer who has retained something of the philosophic mind, immune by chance or choice from the contagion of the luxury of hurry, the sacrifice of all sorts of road users' interests to the dominion of mere speed, with all its implications, is a strange business. The machines, ponderous lurching cars, flimsy-looking two-seaters or spitting motor-bicycles, rush past the cross-roads in close procession. Dust of the more palpable kind there may not be on the tarred track, but the air is full of a thin brownish haze, charged with a distinctive bouquet, a fetid, insinuating, gorge-raising stench, mixed of all the quintessence of offence from smoking lamps and burnt fat and leaking gas, a fume which

all the inventive science of the age has not troubled to get rid of since the first tentative "automobiles" got clear of the red flag. Above the rattle of the detonations and the hum of machinery rise the warning notes of instruments whose elaborate cacophony is made as abrupt and insistent as inventive science can contrive; heart-stopping whistles, screeches suggesting the death-throes of a dinosaur, hoarse grunts like those of a colossal pig, abominable noises such as might come from a seasick Titan. It is evident that the pace is generally much too great for the bodily comfort of the people in the cars, who have to protect themselves with screens, goggles, veils and heavy coats; the motor-cyclists in summer weather wear costumes which suggest a mixture of Arctic exploration with deep-sea diving. And to this express through-service all the incidental and short-distance traffic has been made to give way. Travel, the very thought of pleasure inherent in the journey itself, is dead; the space between the starting-point and the destination is cut down to the least possible extent by the religion of speed.

And what of the destination in the present instance? Does a summary of Brighton's charms, as we know them at the far end of summer, justify this fury to be there? Those streets, singularly narrow and shabby at all times, and now full of the amazing population of the democratic season; the tramways, the kinemas, the postcard shops; the smells of the shilling dinners; the crowd on the Front, that fantastic colluvies of tenth-rate luxury and unfathomable breeding, whose origins baffle all conjecture; are these all so rich and strange that we must grudge the minutes as we rush through the pleasant September weather, past the half-cleared cornfields, the sombre woods, the villages and farms which spite of progress are still admirably picturesque? Is it the sea itself which we pant to behold, that strip of opaque grey-green which makes a background for the phantasmagoria of the King's Road, the marionettes and the pierrots on the beach? And once at our journey's end, shall we be content to perambulate the parade, doze in deck-chairs or bathe mixedly for a week, while the car is depreciating and running up a bill at the garage? Shall we not rather lunch seriously, drink whisky and soda and smoke cigars, and then away again over more mileage of tarred track, with never a halt if we can help it, nor a look behind—unless we have almost run down a pedestrian—nor a moment's care for the landscape we hurtle through? Of course we shall, if we are true believers in the grace of getting on. And another day we shall race over the Portsmouth or the Bath or the Dover Road, impelled by our intelligent and logical desire to get somewhere so as to be able to get back again as soon as possible, and at the same time to shorten the resultant maximum of transit by all the means in our horse-power.

What manner of people are they for whose recreations on these lines our County Councils spend their thousands for tar, making a highway into a sport-track, and ignoring the over-riding of the local uses? Too various at present perhaps for definite conclusions as to a class; but beginning to develop palpably towards a type. The power of fashion is almost inscrutable, as we know; and it apparently compels into the number of the flying mob people who, to judge by their faces, are not as yet openly vicious nor irredeemably vulgar, who may be naturally courteous or even kind; people who are perhaps sacrificing their personal tastes at the shrine of progress, doing homage, with their eyes shut, to an idea; who may ultimately succeed in getting rid of a native unwillingness to pour dust and stench on passers-by, to spoil wayside gardens and cottage clothes'-lines, to see children scurry out of the way at the warning hoot, and dogs and poultry dodge the tyres by inches. But among the mass of motorists two main characters emerge: first the sign of unmanageable wealth, and next the sign of gross habit of body. Watching the crews of some of the machines, the instances of dress that is both overdone and dirty, the air of world-ownership on faces bearing the stamp of tenth-rate urban

manners, the inquirer may wonder what underground sources have been tapped to produce this superfluity, the means to maintain this elegant leisure in a thousand-pound car. The bodily bloatedness is no less conspicuous; the unwholesome fatness of boys and girls, the too voluminous lines of grown women, and the undisguised paunchiness of the men are precisely what are to be expected from the extension of the sedentary life even to the roads; the habit of being carried without the exertion of a finger in elaborately sprung and cushioned arm-chairs from one large meal to another can only end in that accumulation of internal and external fat which is as disastrous to the national physique as the extreme of malnutrition. At present obese vulgarity seems to be the natural complement of an unpleasant proportion of cars on the road.

If the motor-car is to prove itself the beneficent power in national life which some acclaim it, it is time that capable and clear-headed people should take the management of the business out of the hands of the boobies who at present almost monopolise it—the speed-merchants with endorsed licences and false addresses, the beanfeasters of every grade in society who use the power of their machines as an outlet for natural rowdiness, the inept youths who live in and under and about their cars, the hangers-on who hope for a cachet from the achievements of their engine or the magnificence of their body. It is time for motorists to show that they have got over the tipsy state of novelty, the hiccupping at unsuspected possibilities, and that the thing has better uses than those of weight-forming recreation and the baby-pleasure of speed for speed's sake.

There is one other aspect of the phenomenon which may dawn upon the observer before he has finished his vigil under the sheltering telephone-pole. Let him estimate the capital wealth represented by the machines that pass him in a given time, and multiply it by all the other roads which he may conceive of as bearing a like traffic; and then let him stop, in fancy, one of the most imposing cars and question the portliest of its occupants as to his motive and ends. He will discover the pitiful secret of the whole development: the reason why the motorist endures furs and goggles, why he cultivates the Strassburg habit in body and soul, and steels himself to an unfortunate cheapening of human life. Poverty is the sacred spring of it all; no one, he will declare, can afford nowadays to be without a car; no one can possibly give the time for slower means of progress; iron want compels him to keep a fifty-horse-power limousine. . . . Drop your hand, investigator, at the cross-roads, and let the poor wretch go where the Brighton Front in September calls him down the tarry track.

#### THE IMPROBABILITY OF SIR JAMES BARRIE.

BY JOHN PALMER.

ONE thinks of Sir James Barrie at the Duke of York's Theatre as King Claudius thought about his marriage:

"With an auspicious and a dropping eye,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole".

The auspicious eye is for a first short play in one act—as pretty a small piece of authentic Barrie as could be desired. Sir James Barrie's "The Will" is decidedly the "mirth in funeral" of this affair; the "dirge in marriage" comes after, in the form of a play in three acts entitled "The Adored One". This is conspicuously a failure; but it is one of those interesting failures which are better worth discussing than success.

It turns upon the old question of what is probable and credible in a story or in a play, and what is not. One has to be very careful to-day in dealing even with the first commonplaces of this topic. The triumph of realism as a method of art has in the minds of many who write about it, and of the majority who talk about it, led to an absurd idea that the plausibilities of art

are like the plausibilities of life; that what would be incredible in a Kensington villa or impossible at the Old Bailey must necessarily be incredible and impossible in a stage representation of such places. Few perhaps are guilty of this error in its crudest form; but it lies in wait for the unguarded at every turn in all kinds of cunning shapes and disguises. Accost almost any one of the playgoers who leave the Duke of York's Theatre this evening with a sense of disappointment. Ask him why he does not think Sir James Barrie's "The Adored One" an enjoyable play. He will tell you that the play is improbable; that the events therein could never possibly have happened. What, precisely, does he mean by this?—or, rather, what, precisely, ought he to mean?

Perhaps it will make things clearer to know what exactly it is at the Duke of York's Theatre which the audience is unable to believe. The mother of a little girl is travelling in a railway carriage; and the little girl has a cold. Her mother asks a man in the carriage to allow her to shut the window. He refuses. Whereupon the mother methodically pushes him out on to the line and shuts the window herself. The man is killed; but that, like the death of Goneril in "Lear", is in the circumstances but a trifle. The mother of a little girl who has a cold is not likely to be anxious as to the physical condition of a strange man who refuses to shut the window. Such is the tale of Sir James Barrie at the Duke of York's Theatre, and the audience does not believe a word of it. It comes away and tells you it is improbable. The audience is right; but what precisely does the audience mean?

It does not mean what it seems to mean. Nothing whatever is improbable in a play or in a poem or in a novel. The Houyhnhnms are not improbable. Bottom transformed is not improbable. Christy's tale of how he killed his father is not improbable. Nor is there anything necessarily improbable, in a play, about a mother who pushes a disagreeable man out of a railway carriage because her little girl has a cold. It would be possible to write a play, entirely probable, in which a thoroughly amiable man was pushed out of a railway carriage—say—by a scientific enthusiast desiring to ascertain the trajectory described by falling bodies launched from a locomotive in motion, or by a sensitive aesthete who objected to the cut of his clothes. A person in a play might burn down London to fry his dinner without once becoming improbable or exciting in his audience the least suspicion of unreality. Probability and improbability in a play have nothing whatever to do with the sort of conduct one expects every day of one's friends and relations. The idea that there is any direct correlation between the plausibilities of Kensington and the plausibilities of the comic or tragic stage is a brutish misunderstanding of realist authors who are fortunately too sensible to practise what they sometimes seem to preach.

What, then, does an audience mean when it says that this thing or that is improbable? Why is it unable to believe the heroine of Sir James Barrie when she tells us that she has pushed a disagreeable man out of the train? It is not enough, with Judge Brack, to say that people do not do these things, for in a play people may do, and have done, a thousand things as remote from the normal proceedings of people who go down to the country in trains from King's Cross as was the homicidal exploit of this mother of a little girl. That no woman of my personal acquaintance has ever, as a fact, committed murder in this particular way does not in the least account for my incredulity as to the proceedings of the heroine of Sir James Barrie. To come at once to the aesthetic commonplace of this article, there is one sort of probability for real life and another sort of probability for fine art. The audience refuses to believe in the heroine of Sir James Barrie, not because she violates the canons of probability whereby we regulate our behaviour in a modern railway carriage, but because she is aesthetically improbable; not because she does not obey the laws of this world, but because she does not obey, or rather because we do not accept, the laws of the mimic world in which Sir James Barrie



has placed her. The author, when he writes a play or a novel, invites us into a world of his own. The laws of this world are his; and in the mere reading or witnessing of his people we have agreed to accept them. He is the supreme arbiter of what is credible within the confines of his little state. But let him look to it, when once we have, at his direction, accepted the law and the prophets of the world into which he has invited us, that he himself understands and observes the constitution of his commonwealth and the ways of its inhabitants. If in the creator we observe uncertainty of purpose, unsteadiness of aim, incapacity to administer the laws or to govern the people in which he has asked us to believe, why then his mimic world tumbles about us. We are willing to believe in events however fantastic, in people however odd, in a world however the shadow of a dream, so long as the events and the people and the world have a logic and an order of their own. So long as the laws of the mimic world agree one with another it matters not at all that they outrage the laws made at Westminster in Parliament assembled. So long as the events plausibly flow from pretences we have agreed to accept, it matters not at all that they could never happen anywhere but upon the particular stage of a particular theatre. So long as the people are true to their author it matters not at all that they are false to the collectors of income tax. In a word, so long as there is æsthetic probability it matters not at all that every other kind of probability is neglected.

Now we can measure the failure of Sir James Barrie with "The Adored One". The audience may not be consciously aware of it, but what they really miss at the Duke of York's Theatre, and what they really mean when they tell you that they do not believe in the little girl who had a cold, is that the play is æsthetically improbable. Sir James Barrie never gets us into a world of his own devising where the laws are his. We are not made free of a kingdom where the writ of common-sense no longer runs; where strange things are probable; where we may observe the mimic people of a mimic world as a little commonwealth obeying behind shut gates a constitution and a logic of its own. We do not believe in the heroine of Sir James Barrie, not because she is incredible in the nature of things, but because Sir James Barrie himself does not really believe in her; not because she does incredible things (let us again insist that nothing is incredible), but because she does not do them in the right way; not because she is at defiance with the laws of this realm, this England, but because the laws of her wilful being are never clearly established.

We are upon the threshold of an old distinction between the reality of life and the reality of art. It has baffled æsthetes and metaphysicians for two thousand years; and all sorts of nonsense continues to be talked—different sorts of nonsense at different times. The talk to-day is that they are identical. The talk yesterday was that they were totally unconnected. The talk to-morrow—well, there will be time for that.

#### THE NATIONAL COMPETITION.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

FOR many months, I believe, the condition of the National Competition has been troubling. Experts on art education have had the question laid out and dissected; they have analysed and tested and I dare say reported. Something is obviously wrong with the system of British Art Education, especially on its State-aided side. State-aided education, roughly speaking, is run on a scheme of grants. Extra grants are made to schools that score in examinations. The examination to which most importance is attached is this National Competition; that is to say that it is very much to the interest of art schools to score medals and prizes in this event. We can easily imagine that art teachers all over the kingdom are incited to give most of their attention to prospective National Competition work; the art schools become forcing houses for medallists, most of whose time is bespoken by this

wonderful grant-earning business. Equally of course each competition is regarded as the standard for the next; the kind of work that wins gold medals in 1913 is eagerly studied by teachers whose job is to see that their pupils shall please the judges in 1914.

Having visited the exhibition of successful works in the Victoria and Albert Museum I can quite well understand that the condition of this Competition is not satisfactory. But I rather wonder whether the real cause of most of its weakness has been discovered by the analytical experts who have been diagnosing its complaint. Perhaps it has; but in any case the exhibition will give me excuse for discussing the viciousness of the circle described by successive competitions. I will confine my argument mainly to drawing, painting, and pictorial design.

The object of this Competition is to find out the best art students in the kingdom and to provide incentives. Probably it is very short-sighted policy to concentrate good students' attention on this kind of competition; experience has liberally shown that the students who cram for academic medals become academic and their art worthless. Instead of stimulating, this method flattens and softens their mental powers. Leaving that aside, however, we will investigate another question. On what authority are we to accept the standards established by the National Competition of 1913 as good standards? Examination of works of art is not possible on the exact lines of mathematical examinations; it is decided by the collective or individual taste of the examiners. In other words the taste of this year's judges, Messrs. Cartledge, Seymour Lucas, R.A., Byam Shaw and S. J. Solomon, R.A., sets up the ideal towards which hundreds of art teachers will be urging thousands of students through the coming winter and spring. The drawings and paintings that appealed to the taste of these well-known Academy painters will be taken as the sort of thing examiners prefer and which, therefore, point the way to future grant-earning medals.

Let us then look at the work that responded most closely to Mr. Seymour Lucas' and Mr. S. J. Solomon's ideas of draughtsmanship and painting. Mr. Byam Shaw, himself a student of the Royal Academy, like Mr. Solomon, no doubt has practically identical taste. The shaded drawing of a head from the antique; the shaded life drawings; the shaded drawing from the antique; the paintings from life and still life that won medals are just what one would expect these judges to prefer. But, if I may be pardoned, it is by no means so easy to identify their preferences with good art. Mr. Solomon and Mr. Byam Shaw, and for all I know, Mr. Seymour Lucas, were trained at the Royal Academy Schools; their views on pure draughtsmanship, in line or with a brush, can hardly be taken very seriously. The whole basis of Academic instruction is wrong because it insists on surface qualities and amenities at the expense of fundamental structure. The paintings of Royal Academy canons are like buildings designed from the outside with a view to an attractive façade; they have a polished veneer but no true organic structure. To Royal Academy students this surface gloss fatally becomes the criterion of excellence, and once they have taken every possible medal they are no more heard of save within Burlington House. They, too, are victims of a vicious circle; we cannot blame them. The medals awarded to the drawings and paintings in the National Competition have been given to works of this superficial character. Pretty softness, mechanically "finished" smoothness of texture and an almost meretricious skill in fudging are common to all the favoured exhibits. Pure drawing, in which line expresses movement, plane and projection, pure painting in which form and the larger qualities of light, air, and just relations are expressed rather than a conventional skin have no place in the successful students' work. The life drawings, the stippled antiques, gold and silver medalled, the life paintings and groups are one and all infected with sugariness, "slickness" and surface polish; bad enough in an academician's popular work, these attributes are grievous in art

students who given better training and truer standards might have, indeed would have, turned out creditable artists. Trained in this superficial convention what chance have students? The essential qualities of draughtsmanship and painting remain without their range. Structure, action, living expressive line, and that sense of design which only comes from keen consciousness of rhythm and true significance, how can these be expressed by people whose most impressionable years are wasted in going after false standards set up by academic taste? The National Competition examples of mural decorations, and painted friezes and tree-drawings variously prove how fatal to design, movement and sensitive perception are years spent within the State-aided circle of education. For a reasonable parallel for the decorative mural paintings preferred by the judges (not in this case those I have already named) we should have to visit the Royal Exchange, where the ingenious plan of enlarging easel pictures to fill wall spaces has so notoriously failed. But how otherwise could students work who are reared on the veneer system?

For many months educational experts have been uneasy about the National Competition. They have the results of many years of this educational method to discuss. Have they, I wonder, taken the obvious course of seeking the reason of the bad standard that prevails? Supposing a fine standard of art were established and year by year students were stimulated by it, the chief evils of the Competition would vanish. Though I have purposely confined myself to the pictorial aspect of the Exhibition I have little doubt that other aspects, say the sculpture, are similarly conditioned. The mental capacity of art students needs stimulating; the present system of putting them in blinkers and driving them rigidly along an academic route simply stunts and deadens their receptivity. Systematisation of aesthetics and mechanical acceptance of worthless standards for the sake of earning grants inevitably brings artistic impotence. For this state of things the standard established by the examiners' taste is in the end responsible; whether the examiners themselves are fine artists or not becomes the essential question.

### THE WONDERFUL AUGUSTAN AGE.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"THE Cambridge History of English Literature" \* pursues its track through the ages with unremitting zeal and punctuality. It is a larger and fuller history than any of its forerunners. Its bulk alone would make it remarkable, and some of its most readable chapters are those which its generous scale permits it to devote to the names of half-forgotten writers who were famous or notorious in their day. It is pleasant to find whole pages dealing faithfully with "the Burnets, Oldmixons and Cooks" of Pope's satire, and to get something more than a bare mention of writers so vigorous and characteristic as Ned Ward and Tom Brown of Shifnal. The chapters assigned to the greater authors of the age are less satisfying. Everyone knows something of Pope and Swift; their lives have been written and their works criticised by writers of renown; so that this history might well have given more space to detailed matter of fact, which can never be superseded, and less space to criticism and comment, which (it is no discredit to remark) are not so good as the best that can be found elsewhere.

There is strength, of a kind, in numbers, and many of the contributors to this history of the age of Steele and Addison, of Pope and Swift, speak with authority on the subjects assigned to them. But it is strength without unity. One curious consequence of the employment of many hands is that while each contributes his part, none gives a view of the whole. Yet the Augustan Age was very much at one with itself, and was con-

scious of its principles. It claimed to supersede its forerunners, and to set up a model and a creed for its successors. Those writers who helped to make it, and who stamped its character on it, were not vague or doubtful in their teaching. They had restored the authority of the ancient classics, they had abolished the extravagances and lawlessness of individual conceit, they had exalted the standard of good sense, clarity, and reason. They governed England with an absolute sway for the better part of a century; then the forces of rebellion gathered head, and the Romantic Revival overwhelmed them. Towards the end of the reign of George III. they had hardly a friend to plead for them. Historians of English literature, from that time to this, have rarely been able to escape from partisanship in this famous quarrel, so that Pope and Addison have even been treated as defunct tyrants, whose attempt to dominate literature was at last fortunately baffled. Such a view is, of course, neither historical nor scientific, but it is very persistent, and some of the writers of the Cambridge History come perilously near to approving it. Yet the real, permanent work of the Augustan Age was not reaction but advance. The territory which was then conquered is occupied and settled by us to-day. There is all the difference in the world, as every reader of poetry knows, between the Romance of the Middle Ages and the wise, shy, sceptical Romance of such poets as Coleridge and Shelley. The difference was chiefly the work of the Augustan Age. Romance itself had to conform to the new ideals and to accept the accomplished fact. It was the Augustans who, without renouncing their creed, sought to extend its dominion, and invaded Romance. A certain uneasy sense of this is perhaps responsible for the omission of James Thomson and Dyer, and some other poetic contemporaries of Pope, from this volume of the Cambridge History; they are doubtless being reserved to act as heralds to the rebel forces. But their right place is with their friends and contemporaries; and they are true Augustans.

What, then, is the most significant note of the Augustan Age? Not correctness, perhaps, but familiarity; not the imitation of ancient models, but the adaptation of them to modern life. Literature had already run a long course in England when Pope and Addison began to write, but it had held itself somewhat aloof from the intimate, every-day interests of men. It stood on its dignity, and spoke in figures and parables. The study of the classics had added to its splendour, but had diminished its ease. Imagination had been freely and nobly indulged, but everywhere it was a little out of touch with the humilities and the necessities of the life of man. A high passion of sincerity was what inspired the Augustans. They were united in a closer brotherhood than is often found among men of letters, and they were resolved to make an end of plausible literary conventions, and to speak to men, in the language of every day, on matters of common knowledge. There was no conspiracy, and no treaty of alliance, but they were amazingly at one. The greatest of them all—Swift—was also the most uncompromising. Where, in all his works, does he allude to classical mythology, except to mock it for its unreality, or to twist it into something fiercely topical? Pope borrows from Horace nothing but a few hints as to method; his business is with his living friends and enemies. His life was full of pretences, but in his literary conscience there was no touch of pretence or deceit; so that the esteem and admiration which we might be tempted to refuse to the man are extorted from us by the author. We talk of enthusiasm, and we sometimes blame the Augustan Age for its coldness and dearth; but it must have been a wonderful and exciting age to live in. To see a new great literature come into being, built out of the accidents of the street, the club, and the home; to talk with men of letters who wore no prophetic mantle, but who, without raising the voice, could give some semblance of eternity to the trivialities of life; what wonder is it if those who witnessed these happenings believed that they were at the beginning of a new era, and that a truly native literature had at last, after many disap-

\* "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Vol. IX. "Steele and Addison to Pope and Swift." Cambridge University Press. 9s. net.



pointments, established itself in England? The preacher, the orator, the rhapsodist, had treated many themes, and, from the elevations described in Swift's "Tale of a Tub", had run through the whole gamut of the emotions; now, for the first time, they made the great discovery with which Garrick, a little later, revolutionised the stage. They discovered the value of the talking voice. Even the confidential prose of Dryden, written in his later years, has an almost scholastic stiffness compared with the spontaneity and vigour of Steele and of Swift. Swift wrote as a man quarrels in private; Steele found the ceremonial kind of conversation too formal to serve as a literary model, and christened his greatest venture "The Tailor".

It is easy, therefore, to understand why this age was the great age of the burlesque and the mock-heroic. The chief writers in this kind are excellently handled by Mr. Charles Whibley in a separate chapter. But to treat the subject fully would be to tell the story of the age and of all its greatest writers. "The Rape of the Lock" is a mock-heroic; so is "The Battle of the Books". Gay's most poetic work is to be found in his mock-pastoral "The Shepherd's Week", where the loves and diversions of real English rustics are described in a vein of ridicule which passes frequently and easily into sympathy and insight. It is not the country clown that Gay is laughing at, but the false politeness of the writers who have made a courtly farrago of the sayings and doings of the country clown. His own attitude is that of a comic Wordsworth. He is as determined as Crabbe to set down the bare fact, but he does not glory, with Crabbe, in squalor; he likes his peasants, and finds them companionable and natural. In short, there is hardly one of the Augustans whose work does not furnish an illustration of the prevailing temper. They were for doing away with all unnatural elevations, and returning to truth and nature. They eschewed the prophetic manner even in their criticism, and were content that the Truth they sought should be called by the modest name of Good Sense.

The burlesque and the mock-heroic must not be taken, as they have almost always been taken by historians of English literature, to illustrate the seamy side of the life of the time. They have been treated as a low kind of literature, congenial to coarse minds. Once the fashion was set, no doubt the coarse minds found their opportunity in it, as they have since found their opportunity in Romance. But the leaders of the fashion were the apostles of the age, possessed by a pure intellectual fervour. They had been taught to admire the ancient epic, and they were able to appreciate something of its force and gravity, but they would have nothing to do with its artifices and archaisms. They were starkly modern. The pupilage of English authors, they felt, was over; they must speak for themselves. They fully enjoyed exercising their critical wit, as a man with a quiet voice and a keen sense of reality enjoys interpolating an occasional remark in a heated rhetorical controversy. But they had a creed, and were prepared to live and die for it. They were citizens of the world, and students of man as he is. Their vitality and humanity were so intense that the Age of Queen Anne still lives and glitters for us as no other bygone age of our history has ever done. Other ages gave us great men and thrilling adventures, but here is the genesis of our social literature.

The famous Quarrel of the Ancients and Moderns, which broke out at the very beginning of the age, is a clue to the heart of it. The Quarrel is treated in the Cambridge History as an incident in the progress of education, as if the question were concerned mainly with the place of the classics in a liberal curriculum. But of course the issue was secular in its scope and breadth. Bentley was a great scholar; Temple and Boyle were elegant pretenders, no doubt. But it is tedious to have the Quarrel resuscitated once again as a signal instance of the falsity of contemporary verdicts. Temple's errors were such as a scholar can easily correct; the main part of his contention was neither refuted nor handled by Bentley. It might stand as the charter of the Augustan Age. Temple

was right, and his cause prevailed. The Horatian philosophy of change and time which he expounds in beautiful and moving sentences could not be refuted, nor did Bentley seek to refute it, by a demonstration that the "Epistles of Phalaris" are a modern forgery. The world is very old; the truest things have all been said; we cannot hope to out-go the great men of other times; let us cultivate our garden. This was the classical doctrine which impressed itself upon the age. It was put forth on behalf of the Ancients, but its temper was the temper of the humane part of the modern world. If we are to associate on easy terms with the great men of old, we must be ourselves, and must speak our own tongue. If we try to speak Latin or Greek, we shall speak without assurance and without sincerity. To imitate them is vain and useless; their wisdom was the wisdom of life; when we go to them for a lesson, they send us back to the school of life. "To copy Nature, is to copy them." This was the victorious classicism, and its victory was achieved not by the scholars but by the gentlemen, wits, and poets.

#### ROMAIN ROLLAND.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

THE French Academy recently awarded its Grand Prize for Literature to M. Romain Rolland. Some people said this distinction was superfluous and came too late; M. Romain Rolland was more famous than most Academicians, and the time was long past since he could care for literary awards. Yet other people stared; not stupid people, not countrified people, just people who had happened to read a great deal of the modern production and yet happened not to know much about M. Romain Rolland.

The fact is that we have to do here with another case of literary fame growing and flourishing abroad and slowly progressing at home. The proportion of so-called well-informed people who know little or nothing about M. Romain Rolland is certainly greater in France than it is in Germany, Italy, America, and especially in England. Before M. Romain Rolland, Maeterlinck, Mirbeau, Paul Adam had the same experience; and Marguerite Audoux' exaggerated success in England and America was a similar phenomenon. I have often thought about this curious problem. Why is it that a whole section of modern French literature seems to be so much more world-wide than the rest that eventually it bears a suspicious look of really being less French? I used to think it might be its spirit, an affected remoteness from narrow nationalism or resolute catholicism, which gave it the neutral privileges along with the general effeteness of Swiss-French thought. But the success of Claudel goes against this theory. Perhaps also it might be an indulgence in a more vital, less rhetorical, and on the whole semi-obscure style of writing making a book rather akin to German characteristics. This is more probable, though the taste of the English public for Anatole France is no argument in favour of this view. Sometimes I feel inclined to think that the partiality of most English literary correspondents—as that of many an amateur like Oscar Wilde—for young talents, young formulas, and young schools is largely responsible for the anomaly, but this is not final. Why does the foreign critic lean to that side? Is it because it flatters his sense of discovery, or because he is foreign? Ad infinitum. In any case the success of M. Romain Rolland was slow and almost furtive in the French public, and the distinction conferred upon him by the Academy may mean amends as well as recognition.

It is about fifteen years since M. Romain Rolland's thesis at the Sorbonne gave him a wide though brief notoriety. He was the first French scholar who applied to the development of a musician the process of literary criticism, but this was not the cause of the sensation created by the thesis. The novelty which filled the papers and startled everybody was the presence at the Sorbonne of a candidate with a piano instead of only

a book. The piano appeared incredible and absurd. Shortly after, M. Romain Rolland was appointed Professor of Musical History at the Sorbonne, and while this nomination was another novelty and another surprise the Sorbonne is so universally respected that the astonishment was mute. However, it is probable that the comparative neglect in which M. Romain Rolland has been left so long came partly from the old French prejudice against musicians as unserious and bizarre creatures. Nothing great could be expected from a freak. When the first volume of "Jean-Christophe" came out in 1903 due warning was certainly given to the public that here was a high purpose and more than the promise of rare achievement. But the book was not by any means a popular success, and even good judges held over their verdict, as is so frequently the case when a writer's formula seems too simple as when it seems too complicated. The second volume completely won sympathetic readers, and we may say that from that moment M. Romain Rolland had all the admirers he was to have for years, but outside this charmed circle he met with an indifference almost amounting to hostility—the resolute indifference of people who resent having been left out, even if they are left out of their own accord. This accounts for the feeling prevalent in the following years, as volume after volume of "Jean-Christophe"—no less than six—followed one another in quick succession. Fair criticism noticed them respectfully and even sympathetically, but very much as new volumes of Murray's Dictionary are noticed; whilst the adverse attitude became distinctly sarcastic, as if M. Romain Rolland, the musician and writer, were sure to win his bet—viz. to raise a pile of ten volumes—but it mattered little. Meanwhile the musical lectures at the Sorbonne became the rage, and the presence in the audience of many high-strung *élégantes* added another unfavourable touch to M. Romain Rolland's reputation. Finally the whole affair—man, lectures, romance and fame—was entering upon the very dangerous phase which can be characterised as matter-of-course, when the attention given to "Jean-Christophe" abroad began to tell, and appeared as an element which could not be disregarded. Just then also, the last two volumes of the long novel were published, and as they were, especially the last, more in the vein of the first two, they gave belated people a chance which many seem to have improved. To-day, beside these converts, one begins to find not a few others who pretend to have read "Jean-Christophe" through, and the notoriety of the author is therefore complete. All this sounds as if M. Romain Rolland had not been too lucky, and, in fact, perhaps it will take years for him to be adequately appreciated. In the meantime let each critic be as sincere as he can.

I do not regard "Jean-Christophe" as one of the great, the immortal novels. Some people give M. Romain Rolland great credit for not shrinking from the enormous effort of writing ten volumes. But is it not true that a writer with a taste for the rich or the sublime might spend a lifetime trying to write a perfect short story, and will easily find himself in longer compositions? Besides, I am rather suspicious of M. Romain Rolland for writing ten rather than nine volumes. It seems as if he had made up his mind to rival the other ten-volume French novel—i.e. "Les Misérables".

Volume does begin to matter when the richness of an author's invention has to be considered: "Adolphe" is nearer perfection than any of Balzac's works, yet Balzac is obviously a greater novelist than Benjamin Constant, because he creates while the other only narrates. Now, "Jean-Christophe" does not show an exceptional creative power. There is one long repetition in it: in the first part of the work M. Romain Rolland's hero misunderstands France; in the second, helped by his friend Olivier, he understands it, but it is the same story over again. It is confusion and not animation and especially life that is produced by the numberless scenes in "La Maison" and "La Foire sur la Place". There are no doubt many characters in "Jean-Christophe", as many as in "Les Misérables", but they often look—especially in "La Maison"—like

puppets that are too abruptly put on or dismissed from the show. You vainly seek in the ten volumes for one character deserving the name in the sense we attach to the characters of Dickens. Finally, six volumes (III. to VIII.) are full of imaginary conversations on subjects of the day which are interesting, full of insight—even though the author's decidedly internationalist point of view seems superannuated—but occupy a great deal of space.

We are therefore constrained to admit that M. Romain Rolland's vein is not that of the writers we have in view when we speak of the great novelists. What is it, then? Is there no real picture of life in "Jean-Christophe"? The answer to this question will be at the same time an attempt to read the particular turn of mind of the author. M. Romain Rolland wanted above all to give us in "Jean-Christophe" an impression of what genius is. What did he endeavour to do in his other works? Precisely the same thing. Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Tolstoy, are not only men of genius, they are representative geniuses—geniuses among geniuses. In fact, M. Romain Rolland is simply haunted by the concept of the man of genius. And what seems to attract him particularly in the man of genius? Merely what we all associate with the notion: an exceptional enjoyment of life constantly seen intuitively, and the natural habit of only advertent to the greatest—that is to say, the most elemental—questions, and of viewing them also intuitively, as children do. This is exactly what we see in "Jean-Christophe": a lyric vision of Nature, Love, Art, Death, as they can be viewed by an original intellect associated with a powerful temperament, and a sort of encyclopædia of solutions to the most modern questions invariably approached from the most simply human standpoint. "Jean-Christophe" is what the life of its author almost undoubtedly is: an effort to withstand the flux of the world, and an effort to rise above the dazing stream of daily issues into the light of true philosophy. On the whole, it is the effort of one who was born to a comparatively humble and uneventful existence to make his life like those of the great domineering individuals. In this lies the sincerity of M. Romain Rolland, and consequently his power. "Jean-Christophe" is no novel in the ordinary meaning, it is a lyric dream which in many places—the best pages in the first two, and especially the last two, volumes—unites elevation, vividness and a penetrating symphonic tone. Whatever one chooses to call it, it is a great work.

#### STRANGE BOOK-FELLOWS.

ALMOST every bookman, casting his eye along his shelves, wonders how some of his books came there. Perhaps the owner of a large library, who if he is to take full advantage of his store must have a catalogue and keep it written up, may escape; the ordinary reader, round whom perhaps 2000 books have imperceptibly accumulated, cannot. Having gradually acquired his books, he has never found the right moment to catalogue them. He knows where the books he uses are, but only the cataclysm of a move or a spring-cleaning brings some of the rest to his notice, and memory is short. It is well to write on the flyleaf when and, if you know, why you got a book. Then, when you unexpectedly come on it, it adds interest to find that it was bought because somebody, whose name is now strange to you, knew the author; or because you missed a train, and if you had known the sort of book it was you would have spent the money in getting your hair cut, and not at the bookstall. Such notations may diminish the value of a book when it comes to be sold. What matter? No one worthy the name of bookman takes Mr. Wemmick's view, and considers his books as "portable property". He hopes they will see the last of him. He clings even to the unaccountable books—those of which "The things, he knows, are neither rich nor rare, but wonders how the devil they came there".

Many, of course, he can give reasons for. School



and college books, which tend to disappearance into the cupboards at the bottom of his shelves, the Limbo or Hades of many worthy books. Law books bought when he read for the Bar, Divinity when he thought of taking orders, colonial statistics when he meditated and feared emigration, presents, perhaps review copies, etc., he knows about. Some he has inherited. This only shifts the wonder. (Why did the testator buy "The Freeman of London's Necessary and Useful Companion, or the Citizen's Birthright, with the Foreigner's and Alien's Best Instructor, 1707"? He was not a freeman, or a foreigner, or an alien. He was not even an antiquary, but always called himself a "bellettristic trifle".) And the books he bought for himself he can explain, as did the Old Master to the Poet. If he cannot he is no bookman, only a gentleman who once furnished a house.

But with some books his surprise is not concerned with how they came to be on his shelves but with how they came to be at all. To the writer, Collected Tracts and Pamphlets, bound together, afford ever fresh food for speculation.

Here is a small book, lettered on the back, "Angling, Iceland, Italy". The owner observes with joy that anglers who visit him pounce upon it. They are, for the most part, more skilled in English waters than in geography, and their ideas of angling in Iceland are that you "sit upon a rock and bob for whales", and that in Italy you cast a fly from the top of a tower to catch swallows. But the lettering is deceitful. The contents are (1) "The Thames Angler", by Arthur Smith, a little book which boyhood loved and age approves for its pictures; (2) "A Yacht Voyage to Iceland". The yachtsman fished "for the pot", but says little about it. He is amusing: learnt "Rule Britannia" of an Iclander, "a song which I protest I had forgotten, all but the tune and the last line"—we presume he means the last of the chorus; (3) "Letters from the Peninsula, Italy, etc., with passing glances"—oh bathos!—"at the Industrial Palaces of Paris and Sydenham". This too is readable; but why bind the three together? (They were not the same size: the first has been "cut".)

In another fat volume are "The Idea of a Patriot King", Byron's "Narrative", Stevens's "Lecture upon Heads", and "Anticipation". All perhaps worth having. The first is a classic; "Foulweather Jack" is attractive; Stevens (who was he?) is no worse than most satirical exposés of dead fashions; "Anticipation"—said to be by Tickell—of "His M—y's Speech to both H—s of P—t on the opening of the approaching session, together with the Debate which will take place in the H. of C—s" is quite good caricature. In this book is the bookplate of Sir George Shiffner. Perhaps he collected these mixed pickles. But why he so "combined his information" remains a mystery.

Another contains "An Essay on English Harmony", 1774. This treats of English prosody, and is said in a MS. note to be by William Mitford. "Necessary Information", in dictionary form; this begins with "Absolution" and refers you to "Rome"; unfortunately it ends—in the middle of a sentence—at "Butter". It is followed by "The British Chronologist", from the invasion of the Romans to the present time (1775). That too pulls up, a sentence unfinished, in 1264. It gives way to the "Weekly Magazine" of Feb. 12, 1774. That to the "Sentimental Magazine" of March 1773. This to the "Classical Magazine" of July 1775. Then come Pope's Pastorals. Then, suddenly, without blank leaf or title, Congreve's "Old Bachelor" to the first sentence of Scene 3, Act II., "I swear you'd make one sick to hear you". Pat to its cue comes "The Medical Magazine", apparently entire. It is followed by "A Short Account of the Society for Equitable Assurances", perhaps wise reading for those who doctored themselves out of its precursor. Then the "Edinburgh Magazine" of November 1773, and last another "Sentimental", which contains Part II. of a "Sentimental Journey through Life", in imitation of Sterne, of a silliness to make your teeth ache.

Now who, in the name of Bibliomania, collected that little lot, bound them into a sturdy octavo, and lettered them "Tracts"? Maybe it was a bookseller disposing of torn remnants, fraudulently seeking to persuade that the whole bulk was Pope or Congreve. If so, it really was misery which acquainted them, and we are glad they have comfortable shelter at last.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### UNIONIST POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 4 September 1913.

SIR—So long as Unionists continue to be afraid of Liberal misrepresentations of their policy and to whittle it down accordingly they will fail to carry the country with them. Fear of Liberal falsehoods stopped the Unionists from attempting to put old-age pensions on a proper basis, was one of the main causes of the abandonment of the food taxes, and has hitherto prevented the Conservative party from espousing the cause of compulsory military service. This timidity has gained them nothing, since misrepresentations continue unabated; on the contrary, it has doubtless lost them a great deal of support in the country.

Take the question of national defence: most Unionists and many Liberals are convinced of the necessity of compulsory military service, but the Unionist party is afraid to make it a plank in its platform because a shout of "Conscription!" would immediately be raised by the Liberals. The false cry, by the way, has been heard as it is, but let the Unionist leaders take courage and grasp the nettle firmly, and they will pluck the flower, safety for the country, from it without hurt and with much honour. "They say. What say they? Let them say!" Let the Little Englanders, the Peace-at-any-Price men, and the defenders of the freedom not to fight for one's country, shout "Conscription!" "Militarism!" and any other foolish and false catchword they please until they are black in the face, but let the Unionist party throw "tactics" to the winds and trust to the patriotism and common sense of the average Briton; he will not fail them. One thing only is necessary, and that is to tell the people the whole truth as to the necessity for compulsory military service. They must be told not only that the voluntary system has failed to supply our needs, but also what exactly those needs are. They must be told that the responsibilities of a citizen of the British Empire are greater than those of a Laplander, that the realms on which the sun never sets cannot view with indifference any alteration of the naval and military position in any quarter of the globe, and that the maintenance of the Balance of Power in Europe is still a vital necessity for us. They must learn that when every great Continental Power is increasing its military strength we, who have more at stake than any other nation, dare not lag behind. They must be taught that the growth of Germany's army is a matter of supreme interest not only to France but to Britain, that we and France stand or fall together, and that the prime object of our Expeditionary Force is to assist France in the event of a German attack on our partner of the Entente Cordiale. They must be told, further, that under the new conditions the Force is too small for its purpose, and that we must either increase our Regular Army or adopt a system of compulsory military training. The choice, it may be presumed, will not be difficult. Any substantial addition to our Regular forces would entail an enormous increase of our military expenditure, would not provide for the defence of this country in the absence of the Expeditionary Force, and would leave the Army as it is—a body of men set apart from the workaday life of the nation. Compulsory military training, on the other hand, would give us at comparatively small cost a force which would not only ensure the safety of these shores but would provide volunteers to supply the wastage of the Expeditionary Force in the event of trouble abroad.

As in the case of national defence, so in the case of fiscal policy. Unionists must not be afraid of the bogeys raised by their opponents. The cries of "Protection!" and "Your food will cost you more!" have been heard so often in the past that people have grown tired of them; and even if it were not so, why shirk the issue? Why not tell people plump and plain that Protection (if they like to call it so) is what they need, and that if their food should cost them more they will have more money to spend? What matter if the loaf be as big as a mountain and as cheap as the Biblical "two sparrows" if a working man has lost his job and has no money to buy it? The trouble with the fiscal question in this country all along has been that it has never been looked at as a whole. One party views it from Birmingham's standpoint; the other from Manchester's standpoint; and the "man in the street" looks at it from the point of view of his own business. But a national party must look at it as it affects the nation at large, and not as it affects any portion of the community. Viewed on these broad grounds, the problem becomes wonderfully simple. What is the radical difference between Free Trade and Tariff Reform? Merely this: that Free Trade is conceived mainly in the interest of the consumer, and Tariff Reform mainly in the interest of the producer. That the producer is the more important will appear from a moment's consideration. The consumer as such is of no value to the country but the reverse, since he or she is only another mouth to feed; on the other hand, the producers, who include, directly or indirectly, every working man in the country, not only maintain the consumers, but they and they alone have created and can increase the country's wealth, and consequently each one's share of that wealth. The producer, in short, is all-important. If it be well with him it will be well with the consumers, who depend on him, and with the country as a whole. Let the Unionist party take that as their fiscal creed and give up trying to conciliate the consumer by offers of "no food taxes", and there is hope for them yet.

The cry that the Tories want to take away the old people's pensions has done good service to the Liberal party in the past, as Mr. Ure well knows. Well, no one suggests taking them away; but why should they not be put on a better basis? Most of us die before reaching seventy, and 5s. a week is not much to live on. Would not 10s. a week at sixty-five be better? So long as the old-age pension is non-contributory there is no hope of lowering the age limit and increasing the amount of the pension to this extent, because the cost would be ruinous. But if the pensions were made contributory and brought under an amended National Insurance scheme there is no reason why any of us should not be able to give up work at sixty-five, or even sooner, and live comfortably enough for the rest of his days on the rewards of his own thrift in earlier years.

To the courage and the patriotism of the Unionist leaders these suggestions are humbly commended.

Yours etc.

GEO. M. GILES.

#### "RELIGION."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Clairville South Norwood

4 September 1913.

"Ere yet we loose the legions."

SIR—The Chief Secretary for Ireland appears to regard the possible loss of other people's children with a cheerful equanimity beyond all praise. Is it too late to appeal to the instincts of human nature from his callous jests? Will he die laughing at Hecatombs of slaughtered babes?

Yours faithfully

HUBERT V. DUNCOMBE.

#### THE REAL SOCIALIST LEADERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—Since it would be a delicate task for any member of the literary group who lead the Socialist party to

reply to your criticisms of 6 September, will you allow me, as one of those sober and oppressive persons who delight in preaching to strangers the eternal truths of the Gospel according to St. Marx, to hold an apologetic shield between this "intellectual, restless and highly attractive group" and the "bull-dog hold" of the infuriated British public?

I imagine that the first of your proffered explanations springs from the common but rather unworthy dialectical device of attributing to your opponent an altogether preposterous argument and then proceeding to demolish it with the thunderbolts of flawless logic. Surely no Socialist has ever justified the commercial exploitation of the productions of the gentlemen in question as an altruistic undertaking devoted to the spread of Socialistic ideals!

The second "excuse" that you assume happens to be the correct one. As you put it, "Socialists cannot keep out of the markets of crass and unmerciful commercialism and competition because the hideous system is so general and widespread". You continue: "As well might a professing Jew preach passionately against the eating of pig and sit down to three square meals of pig every day". Does it not occur to you that circumstances might arise—a strike, a war, exhaustion of all other kinds of food—which would leave the Jew only two alternatives: either to live on pork, or to starve? As for John the Baptist, how can the Socialist leaders retire to a wilderness when all the wildernesses have been enclosed?

Either Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy and the rest must "boom" their literary offspring in the ordinary manner or they must retire to a workhouse, there to produce their "clever plays, their novels and pamphlets and articles and interviews in the Press on social and sexual and political subjects" in the intervals of scrubbing floors and breaking stones. They would no doubt meet not a few men of genius there before them.

Of course this commercialism would not be tolerated in a Socialistic community. Nor would it be necessary—for a Socialistic community would set apart for Art and Literature something a little more generous than £70 a year and a cask of sack.

Yours faithfully

H. B. K. A.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London S.W., 11 September 1913.

SIR—Your brilliant article upon the Socialist leaders, with which I am in hearty agreement, seems to me to contain one point which is open to criticism. I refer to your remarks about their inconsistency. Are we not all in glass houses so far as consistency is concerned? We all know better than we achieve, and few of us practise what we preach. No doubt it is desirable in the case of public men that their actions should accord with their principles. But until ardent Tariff Reformers refuse to derive benefits from the existing Free Trade conditions, and until avowed Free Traders give up the advantages of Protection, to mention only two obvious instances, we are hardly in a position to throw stones. I fancy too that the Socialists would have more to say for themselves on this count than you imagine, but I can safely leave them to take care of themselves.

You assert further that there are only two people who really believe to-day—the Orangeman and the Socialist. But what about those "preachers of another Faith than Socialism", whom you also mention, who are doing their best to live consistently up to their doctrines to-day?

I am Sir your obedient servant

A. F.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brockenhurst, 10 September 1913.

SIR—You do well to put your finger on the inconsistencies of "the live leaders of Socialism". To my way of thinking these gentlemen occupy in relation to trade unionism much the same position as that of the wily monkey who provided himself with baked chest-



nuts at the expense of the unsuspecting cat. In a word the trade unions and their sympathisers supply the funds and the cracked-heads which keep the doctrinaires going. Socialism per se has no driving power behind it, and it is only when transmuted at the hands of the agitator and demagogue into class-hatred, hooliganism, and anarchy that it actualises itself.

To adopt a motor metaphor, the gas in the Socialistic carburetter is harmless enough until the spark from the militant magneto explodes it. The miners, the transport workers, and other half-educated products of our modern compulsory system are but the pay-dirt exploited by these prospectors of human passions, though judging by recent events there appears a prospect of the seam petering out in the bedrock of common sense.

You refer these "live leaders" to the example of John the Baptist; they themselves, or some of their followers, have—if my memory serves me—not scrupled to maintain—even in the House of Commons—that their demands are in consonance with the teachings of Him Whose shoes the Baptist confessed that he was unworthy to bear. Now it strikes me very forcibly that if one of those modern Nicodemuses were to present himself to that Teacher—Whom they so glibly vouch as their authority—and were told to "sell all and give to the poor", it would be recorded of him as of his prototype that he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions—some of them in his case perchance represented by Marconi shares, or parliamentary salaries wrung from underfed workers, and supplemented by parliamentary levies extorted by their unions.

One can picture him and his brethren all with one consent beginning to make excuse somewhat after this manner: The first saying "I have written a problem play and must needs attend the first night thereof and answer the inevitable cry for the author"; another "I have a sex novel coming out and must needs defy the libraries"; whilst the third might say "I have a speech to make breathing envy, hatred, and malice and all uncharitableness, and must needs mix the Lime-housing. I pray thee therefore have me excused".

All very commendable pleas no doubt in the eyes of Mammon, or Mr. Ellis T. Griffith, as "having money in them", but strangely akin, I submit, to those which found little favour with the giver of the feast.

Yours truly W. R. W.

#### JUSTICE FOR SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Villa Helene Wammelser near Terjoki Finland  
6 September 1913.

SIR—Although I agree with you that Miss Boyle's letter of 27 August might have "reasonably been suppressed", still I feel so strongly that women ought to defend their cause against suffragettes that I seize this opportunity of putting forward a few sane women's arguments as against those of the insane.

As far as I understand it, the gist of Miss Boyle's argument—viz. why men's actions should be differently judged from women's—I entirely agree with; why indeed should women be allowed to commit arson, murder, damage to public and private property etc.—all of them crimes for which men are punished by deportation for life, penal servitude, and even hanging—and go practically unchastised? These women all want to be treated as men, they voluntarily seek to abandon their privileges as women; by all means let them be taken at their word. Let us all agree in treating the women that wish it as men; but in order to do so correctly we must begin by letting them be judged by their equals: for this purpose let a jury be formed from amongst women who have shown they have sane minds, can work, and actually do so (such as the women on local boards of work, committees, or associations), and give them the power of electing a judge from their midst; and then let them have, say, quarter sessions, at which all women who have in any way broken the law shall be brought up on trial. Suffragettes would then no more have the grievance that they are ill-treated by the unjust and antagonistic opposite sex, and at the same time

sane women would have a chance of proving that it is not by outrages that advance is made but by solid work and merit—which would prove a striking example to the detriment of militant suffragettes.

The dignity of woman's sex is impaired by a few who thrust themselves on public notice by crime; let women have a chance of retrieving that dignity by administering justice and abolishing those of their sisters who are a danger to the community—they can do so more easily than men, for these latter have still, alas! too much chivalry left in them to lay hands on women and punish them as they would men. Respect towards the opposite sex has been too long inculcated for these few members of that sex who choose to abdicate their claims to it to be able to change men's feelings in the matter. I have no doubt also that women would not have the compunction men have in allowing their sisters to starve themselves if they choose; the placing of a good dish of food in the prisoner's cell, to be taken or left by the latter at will, would be all that conscience would demand—that anyone has ever actually starved to death with food under his nose has, I think, never happened within the ken of man.

As to the questions with which Miss Boyle ends her argument—in asking what right have men, "a quarrelsome and riotous sex", to rebuke ours—does she mean to ask what right has the pot to call the kettle black? If so, it is the first I hear of women entering into a competition with men as to who should be the most riotous and quarrelsome. But if it is the case I have no doubt we all, men and women alike, will be only too glad to concede the laurel wreath to Mrs. Pankhurst or Miss Boyle or anyone whom the Women's Freedom League or any other women's suffrage association may choose to appoint as representative of the cause.

I will leave Mr. Falkiner to answer Miss Boyle's arguments about the Irish questions (if he thinks them worth answering), and will only point out that the evil caused by violence in all the cases she mentions and that done by suffragettes has one radical difference: in the one case loss of life and all the other evils wrought are in the interest of a great cause and are not the main issue, but an unfortunate side issue which everyone concerned would hinder if the end in view could be achieved without; whereas with suffragettes the doing harm and even taking of life (which would have happened in the Dublin theatre) is the main issue; for it is all merely done with the object of wreaking vengeance at any price—even on the innocent—and far from being the unfortunate, inevitable evil attendant on the struggles in a great cause, these offences are on the contrary detrimental even to the cause (I cannot call it great) in which they are committed.

The more women outrage the public sense of law and order the more clearly do they prove themselves incapable of taking any part in the government of a country—if that country stands for law and order as it has conspicuously heretofore. The proof of what I say is that where women are calm, dignified and orderly they have the vote—i.e. in Norway. Alas! for the day when it would be given to militant suffragettes!

I am yours truly

LUCY K. BECKETT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lyceum Club 128 Piccadilly W.  
4 September 1913.

SIR—You are quite right as to the "strength" of Miss Boyle's arguments in her letter of 27 August published in your issue of the 30th inst. They are absolutely unanswerable. For the fair-minded man that I know you to be, I am astonished at the sneer contained in your editorial note. You must know, although you will not admit it, that the violence she refers to as going on all over the British Empire is not exaggerated by Miss Nina Boyle, and that militant doings are but a drop in the ocean compared to it. I am opposed to all violence, whatever the end to be attained, but do be just.

Faithfully yours

ADA SHURMER.

## REVIEWS.

## A PRIEST OF APOLLO.

"Selections from the Poetical Works of Algernon Charles Swinburne." Eighteenth Impression. To which is appended a sketch of the Poet's Life by Himself. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

AN ear for language is as rare in England as an ear for music. The truth of this statement is established by much evidence. No artist who works with words can fail to have noticed, for instance, that a certain uncouthness or ugliness of expression is thought requisite in this country to enable the conviction of an orator's sincerity to penetrate the brain of the British workman. Again, no such artist can fail to have noticed that if a recognised lord of language happens to devote to some popular dogma or passion a few simple verses, a paroxysm of admiration shakes the pulpit or Press or both, urging a thousand indifferent voices, oblivious of artistic niceties, to assert that noble inspiration has found utterance in faultless form. Needless to say if our public possessed an ear for language it would ridicule the flatterers of lyrical pedestrianism, but its ear is for another purpose; and while with Ben Jonson it would assail rhyme as

"the rack of finest Wits,  
That expreseth but by fits  
True Conceit,"

it lacks skill to support Jonson's complaint against rhyme for

"Cozening Judgment with a Measure  
But false Weight."

Hence a poet like Swinburne, profoundly individual, habitually remote from the crowd even in his apotheosis of man and love of England, is not brought into live contact with it by the effluence of such song as exhibits him as the first of English prosodists, capable of singing in obedience "to the strictest type and the most stringent law of Pindaric hymnology". For though his metrical tunes have entered the public consciousness, so that the adjective "Swinburnian" does convey an artistic idea to a large number of people, it is probable that the something in his voice which is "goldener than gold" escapes them. Certain it is that when the author of "The Gentle Life" imitated "Dolores" with the success of a foot imitating a right hand, a well-known English newspaper emphatically pronounced his anonymous effusion to be the work of Swinburne. Even the parodist, from whom it is strictly right to demand a form no whit inferior to that which he ridicules, has shown Swinburne's ear for quantity to be superior to his own or has adopted a poetic licence for which our greatest singer had scarcely any use.

We said "greatest" singer, not to exalt the highest of Swinburne above the highest of Coleridge whom he adored or Shelley whose artistic life he may be said to have resumed and concluded on earth. We acknowledge by this superlative an amplitude and variety of musical utterance not to be found in the works of any of Swinburne's English contemporaries and predecessors.

No critic of poetry can fail to see in Swinburne's work a glow, a rapture, a purity of anger and joy, of love and thankfulness for lovely things, which tend to create discontent with tepidness, half-heartedness, torpidity and impercipient. Like all inspired orators and singers he helps one to believe that words can be the tools of a creator whose works are worlds.

If a man wishes to bring to his city house, with its brick aspects back and front, the colour and sense of the sea, the voice of Swinburne has a magic like no picture, like no dry shell once wet and salt on the sand:

"Where the horn of the headland is sharper,  
And her green floor glitters with fire,  
The sea has the sun for a harper,  
The sun has the sea for a lyre.

The waves are a pavement of amber,  
By the feet of the sea-winds trod,  
To receive in a god's presence-chamber  
Our father, the God."

If a man contemplating Assessment Form D or the latest police interference with Art desires to feel his patriotism, what voice can wake it so soon as Swinburne's?

"England, none that is born thy son, and lives by  
grace of thy glory free,  
Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with  
hope to serve as he worships thee;  
None may sing thee: the sea-wind's wing beats  
down our songs as it hails the sea."

If a man be afraid to strike a blow for liberty, it is Swinburne who says to him "a slave, if he fears not, is free"; it was Swinburne who praised that "Mater Triumphalis" in a song so glorious that its absence from the volume of "Selections" before us is regrettable.

If a man needs not a creed but a faith in Man and Beauty, he may obtain it from Swinburne in that superb communication of Hertha the Earth-goddess (equal and one with Man), who sings

"Though sore be my burden  
And more than ye know,  
And my growth have no guerdon  
But only to grow,

Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings above me or  
deathworms below."

Man is for Swinburne "one topmost blossom that scales the sky", and his heaven is a likeness of earth; his gods are essentially men. His love of his friends and fellow artists, his devotion to liberty and his indomitable courage make such a heaven and such a theology precisely right for him. His philosophy has at least the negative merit of not marring the beautiful England and English sea which are lovingly mirrored and glorified in his poems.

There was a poet who said as long ago as 1868 that

"If light turned dark, or Joy forgot to close  
Her temple gates against the avenging Hours,"

he would still follow Swinburne "through fields at all times fair".

Readers of this volume of "Selections", though Mr. Watts-Dunton's additions have not yet made it quite satisfactory, will have no difficulty in believing that that early appreciator of Swinburne saw in him the guardian of a light not subject to darkness.

## PLEASURES AND PASTIMES IN THE LAKES.

"Motor Ways in Lakeland." By George D. Abraham. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

"Odd Corners in English Lakeland." By William T. Palmer. Skeffington. 2s. 6d. net.

"Chapters at the English Lakes." By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. MacLehose. 5s. net.

IN his "Poetic Lamentation on the insufficiency of Steam Locomotion in the Lake District", J. K. Stephen remarked

"Nature has done her part, and why  
Is mightier man to fail?  
I want to hear the porters cry  
'Change here for Ennerdale!'"

Railways however have not become the nuisance that some expected; they surround rather than penetrate Lakeland; there is as yet no funicular horror to do away with the dangers of Striding Edge; and the little line that used to convey tourists up Eskdale has now ceased to work. The twentieth century vehicle is the motor-car, which is not a permanent blot on the scenery,



though it is a fairly constant worry to the pedestrian. The perpetual hoot alone must reduce the pleasure of murmuring streams and dashing waterfalls, and raise resentment against those who dare

"Jovis in luco currus agitare volantes."

Yet there are at least two reasons and one excuse for the stormy petrel. The steep roads and passes are a severe discipline for horses, on which, to judge from our latest view of them, they hardly flourish; and highways for vehicles are so far divided in distance (long may they remain so!) that one may often hesitate to ask a pair of horses to do what a motor can easily achieve in a single day, bringing the less agile in touch with the well-girt who have crossed the hills on foot. Coach-drives after all are restricted, and many visitors never see Haweswater because it is a little off the line.

It may fairly be said that the Lakes really belong to the walker, and herein lies the excuse for the motor-car. Its insistence on the highway will induce the walker to take the byways, to go, not necessarily up and over all the steepest passes, but off the roads along the courses of the streams or the abundant vales which give views of rock, water, fern and flower. The guide-books by this time have become more intelligent in the description of such routes, which, indeed, anyone with a taste for maps can make out for himself. The cant about the Open Road cannot commend well-trodden ways where the untidy, unreflecting modern tourist has left his mark. We were disgusted this year to see the gaudy paper which holds cheap chocolate scattered about some well-known "beauty spots." It is enough to make every landowner keep off the profane and vulgar.

Mr. Abraham, well known as a photographer and climber, has produced a thoroughly practical guide for the Lake motorist. He shows a somewhat naïve delight in surmounting difficult hills; but his details of turns and gradients should be very useful, and, appalling as some of these may seem, the modern improved car—which will surprise pioneers in motoring—is equal to most things. Nor need it be exceptionally heavy and powerful, as is the tendency with English makes. A light car in our experience is the best, and in a year or two there will be a constant stream of them along the Lake roads. One thinks naturally of these roads as somewhat rough, like the adjacent hills and screes; but, as a matter of fact, they are unusually good. The road round Thirlmere is as fine as any in the kingdom, and that up the Kirkstone Pass has an excellent surface. The descent from the top of Honister to Buttermere is another guess sort of business. Cars have done it, of course, but we do not recommend it to the average driver, especially since light cars with all their virtues are more likely to snap in a vital part than others. Mr. Abraham tells of a curious and nasty accident to a lady in this region which may well act as a deterrent. He maps out several tours in detail, and gives enough of story and reminiscence to vary his narrative. The notabilities of the district are however in danger of being overdone. We are somewhat tired of kenning John Peel, and wish to know more of that amusing creature, Hartley Coleridge, whose pranks, if we remember right, included stealing a leg of mutton from solemn Wordsworth's larder. Mr. Abraham is fluent and agreeable on the whole, but his ideas of humour are occasionally distressing. He explains that the dog which watched its dead master on Helvellyn for three months must have had "a thin time of it". He should have had the taste to see that an incident which has been glorified by two masters of English letters is not an occasion for jocose slang. But we dare say our point of view is antique, and the world of humour as well as illustration belongs to photographers. The pictures in this volume are excellent, and we are glad to see a good index.

"Odd Corners in Lakeland" might have been more reasonably entitled "Odd Chapters", for Mr. Palmer deals with a wide range of subjects, from rock-climbing and angling to the islands in the Lakes and the various

native sports, the most attractive of which are the sheep-dog trials. All this only amounts to 186 pages, so that the result is decidedly scrappy. The best part of the book is the account of "Easy Days in the Lake Country", walks of no great length which can be achieved by persons who have left an athletic training behind them. Mr. Palmer has no charm of style, indeed is somewhat clumsy as a writer; but the reader who follows his directions will find him worth while, as the Americans say. But in most cases a map at least on the scale of an inch to a mile will be needed as a supplement to make the route clear. It is easy, for instance, to miss the way in the earlier part of the walk from Howtown down the side of Ullswater. The simple walk up Deepdale is given wrong both in direction and distance. We cannot make Brothers Water four miles from Patterdale, nor should we describe the inn called after it as "by the shore". It is some way off, and the turn to it from the road by the lake may easily be missed.

Less than eight pages on "Wild Life on the Uplands" is an absurd allowance. We commend, however, Mr. Palmer's reticence as to the haunts of the Osmunda fern. We have seen it recently, but do not mean to give any details which might reach the professional fern-gatherer and destroyer. We are somewhat surprised elsewhere to find Mr. Palmer speaking of "an open moor bright with gorse and whin, blue-bell, primrose and foxglove during the summer months". Has the English summer projected itself back into spring to include the primrose? Our recollections of Easter in the Lakes are pleasant, but they have nothing æstival about them.

The fifteen illustrations are attractive, but we would sacrifice them for an index. If Mr. Palmer has a chance to revise his book he should see to a particularly irritating sentence at the bottom of p. 46 which lacks a necessary verb.

Canon Rawnsley, as everybody knows, is persistent with the pen. His poetic commemorations are as regular as the supply of the London water companies. He has already published four books on the Lakes, and his present chapters form a somewhat nondescript addition to them. They are notable, however, as recording a work in which he has long been an unwearied benefactor, the preservation of open spaces for the public. He is entitled to speak on "Borrans Field" and "Queen Adelaide's Hill" as National Trust Possessions on Windermere. The former, a position with obvious strategic advantages, includes one of the most important Roman forts in the North, which should yield much to careful excavation. The associations of the latter leave us somewhat cold, especially when we read an account of the Royal visit by a local curate who dwells on the entire suitability of his own impressive sermon. He was a friend of Wordsworth, and had doubtless a full measure of that complacency which makes the great poet occasionally ridiculous.

"The Battle of Portinscale Bridge" reveals more of Canon Rawnsley's resolute activities in a good cause. The old picturesque building, by a process of grouting with liquid cement, has been saved from the hands of innovators who all but succeeded in making an up-to-date substitute. The chapter gathering up the history of Keswick is well done. Dickens figures in two more, but his Cockney humour seems out of place in the Lakes. A more lovable figure is John Wordsworth, the sailor brother of the poet, of whom we find an effective little sketch, though we are suddenly without date or explanation plunged into the unveiling of a stone and inscription. This is characteristic of Canon Rawnsley, who does not revise his books sufficiently. A little more care and a little less sentiment would improve them. With these "Chapters" we do get a small slip of "Errata", but it does not notice Shelley sent down from Cambridge (p. 146) and Cicero's brother made into Quintus (p. 155).

## THE GREAT ÆNIGMA VITÆ.

"The Book of Job Interpreted." By James Strahan.  
Edinburgh: Clark. 7s. 6d.

JOB'S problem is not ours. He asked why the innocent should suffer. We demand to know why anyone should suffer. The sting of death, said Byron, is pain. After the histrionic gloom of Byronism followed the parlour orthodoxies of Wordsworth, the breezy optimism of Browning, and the Early Victorian blue-fits of the Tennysonian "Two Voices" dispelled in the end by the sight of people going to church on Sunday morning. And now the twentieth century is again playing Hamlet with a skull in his fingers. Advancing culture, or sophistication, has increased the capacity of the age for sensitiveness to its own pain and for sympathy with the pain of others—every morning the newspapers prevent our forgetting it. Evolutionary theory speaks of a fierce, competitive struggle for life, and progress, while careful of the type, is a Juggernaut car for the weakling individual. "We are all Socialists now", said Sir William Harcourt, and Socialism begs us to concentrate our attention on the betterment of the present life, without bothering about another. If Job had been convinced of his own sinfulness, affliction would not have bewildered him. Our own generation admits the sins, but, as Sir Oliver Lodge remarks, does not trouble much about them. They are themselves part of the problem, part of the indictment against the Creator, whose world is in such a mess. Either God willed human misery and fault, or He could not help them. He cannot, Mill declared, be both omnipotent and all-loving. In fact, the primary doctrine of natural religion, which is usually spoken of as the easiest and most undenominational—that of the Father Almighty—is now, in view of all the puzzling pain and disorder of the world, harder to accept than the most mysterious dogmas of revelation.

"I found Him in the shining of the stars,  
I marked Him in the flowering of the fields;  
But in His ways with men I found Him not."

"For my part", says Dr. Rashdall in "Philosophy and Religion", "if I trusted simply to empirical evidence, I should not be disposed to do more than slightly attenuate the pessimism of the Pessimists." He concludes, however, that this is the best of all possible universes, though not the best of all imaginable ones. God is limited by His own essential nature, and "cannot attain His ends without causing some evil". Dr. Rashdall mentions sin as one of the evils which "must be regarded as necessary incidents in the process by which the Divine Will is bringing about the greatest attainable good of all conscious beings". We assume that he means notionally or hypothetically necessary—if God is to be glorified by the freedom of His servants' wills, the possibility of disobedience is inevitably involved. If he means more than that we find ourselves landed in a frankly Manichean dualism—God doing the best He can with an intractable material.

As already remarked, this was not the problem which distressed the patriarch of Uz. He was not puzzled by the existence of evil, whether moral or physical, but only by suffering falling on the guiltless. Prosperity, says Bacon, was the blessing of the old Covenant, as adversity is of the new, and powerful Abraham, blessed with flocks and herds, with menservants and maid-servants, was the type in patriarchal times of acceptance before God. Job himself had been sunned in temporal happiness until that dramatic peripeteia came which reduced him to the dunghill. Himself an historic character, one whose story had been handed down through generations of tale and legend, the book which dramatises and philosophises it may, as Mr. Strahan thinks, have been written in later days of national disaster through which the God of Israel was leading His people on from the simple creed of childhood—which saw in the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord a flourishing tree planted by the waterside, and look, whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper—toward

the deeper lesson of faith tried and purified through adversity, toward the dispensation of the Man of Sorrows, God's suffering Servant, and the doctrine of the crown achieved through the cross, of death become the gateway of life eternal. Whether Job looks beyond the grave is not clear. But he knows that his Vindicator liveth, Who will stand thereafter "on the earth", or on Job's grave, and in his flesh (or out of, literally from, his flesh) he will see God with his own eyes. The familiar words which meet our dead at the churchyard gate at least imply that the souls of the departed "live unto God". Who is, or will provide, a Justifier or Daysman to set all things right.

Job's passionate self-vindication is daring, and asserts the spiritual dignity of conscience against mere irresistible Power or despotic tyranny. Though but a driven leaf, he knows he is a moral being. He would reject the blind submissiveness of Islam or the "horrible decretum, fateor" of Calvinian reprobation. But Job is not a Prometheus raging against high heaven, nor has his mood anything in common with the modern conceited self-sufficiency which regards all prostration of sinful man before his Maker as an abject cringing, unworthy of a democratic age. When the Voice out of the whirlwind has spoken, Job learns that man is not the measure of the universe, and that if outward nature—behemoth and leviathan, the springs of the sea, the frosts of heaven or the bands of Orion—is full of mystery, full also of the working of a Divine benignity, much more inexplicable, much more fatherly, are God's dealings with His children. "Therefore", he concludes, "have I uttered that which I understood not, things too wonderful for me, which I knew not."

Mr. Strahan's introduction and comment on the text are quite admirable. We are not wholly convinced, however, by all the arguments for a late date for this book. Is it really in ages of doubt that men try to probe the ultimate mystery of things, and not in early days of eager curiosity? Schoolboys and undergraduates are always more metaphysical and speculative than older people. Also the atmosphere in the book of archaic, patriarchal simplicity seems something more than literary artifice. In any case, it is universally agreed that in this marvellous composition the inspired Hebrew genius attains its highest beauty, strength and elevation.

## THE WAY OF IMPERIAL UNION.

"The Britannic Question." By Richard Jebb. Longmans. 1s. net.

MR. JEBB is a stimulating but rather crotchety thinker, and in this pamphlet he has been too ready to let his crotchets get the better of him. Having himself had difficulties with the party managers he swallows Mr. Belloc upon selfish influences, mainly financial, at work behind the scenes. These attempts to give an air of wicked mystery to politics do not convince. On the contrary they raise doubts whether their author can judge any political episode fairly. To take an example of Mr. Jebb's mystifying method: it comes as rather a shock to read of the coup d'état of 1911 and to find that the term applies not to the passage of the Parliament Act but to the fact that Sir Edward Grey gave his account of foreign policy to the Dominion Premiers at a meeting of the Committee of Imperial Defence and not at a sitting of the Imperial Conference. Mr. Jebb's point is that at the Conference all the Premiers meet on equal terms as heads of Governments, whereas the British Premier is the only responsible person on the Committee, and the function of the others is only to give him advice if they choose. The choice of the Committee instead of the Conference is thus represented as a plot to re-establish British ascendancy and to put the Dominions down. We should ourselves prefer the much less terrifying explanation that in the four years since the last Conference had met the Committee had established itself as the natural instrument for co-ordinating defence and policy. But Mr. Jebb himself admits that his suspicion



falls to the ground now that the British Government has offered the Borden administration a seat on the Committee as a matter of right. That being so, is it really necessary to assume that there was ever any deep-laid scheme?

We have taken up this weakness in Mr. Jebb's attitude because we fear it will greatly diminish the influence of his pamphlet upon thought. Mr. Jebb's main point is that those who work for Imperial Union on federal lines are going badly astray. A Federation which controls Imperial Defence but has no control of fiscal policy is ridiculous, he argues, in a world where almost all international troubles arise over trade. On the other hand, the Dominions would refuse to hand over their fiscal freedom to a Federal Government in which the influence of Britain would necessarily predominate. Any federal scheme, in fact, demands a sacrifice of autonomy which the Dominions would very properly refuse to make. Mr. Jebb's alternative is what he calls a Britannic alliance. The essence of an alliance is that each Government counts equally, that each retains its own complete sovereignty, and that they combine for certain common purposes. The Britannic alliance would be a much more intimate affair than any alliance now existing. The Allies would aim not only at the protection of one another's independence against external aggression, but at what Mr. Jebb calls mutual aid in living. Moreover they would not merely conclude military conventions but would arrange that their armies and navies were of one kind, capable when need arose of complete fusion and admitting at all times interchange of personnel. So, too, in negotiations the Allies would not merely communicate with one another and give mutual support. They would be represented by a single Embassy, though all of them would contribute members to the Embassy staff. Mr. Jebb claims that his plan reconciles union with autonomy, and we are prepared to admit his claim. But is he quite fair to the Federalists? A very close alliance and a loose federation come to much the same thing. Mr. Jebb seems rather too ready to assume that the Federalists think always of the South African or at least the Canadian model. On the contrary a working alliance of the kind Mr. Jebb foresees would fully satisfy their hopes.

But Mr. Jebb's strong point is his emphasis on the value of his point of view. On the alliance theory you think Imperially by thinking nationally. For example, there would be no talk in Britain of a tax on food because the Dominions wanted it. Mr. Jebb would have the British Government impose a general tariff out of regard for British interests and give the Dominions a preference out of regard for British interests also. There he shows us the proper way of dealing with the fiscal question, and he is right in submitting that consideration of the matter from his point of view might have saved the Unionist party from much anxiety. But the real function of this pamphlet is not to give hints to a British party but to provide earnest Imperialists with food for discussion. It is a pity that its querulous tone is likely to defeat its object.

#### TECHNICAL BLAZONRY.

**"Heraldry for Craftsmen and Designers." By W. H. S. John Hope. Hogg. 7s. 6d. net.**

IN an amusing and instructive article that appeared in the first number of "The Ancestor", Mr. Oscar Barron dealt many shrewd blows at the heraldic pedant and his library of musty books; with caustic humour he declared the proud science of heraldry to be like Sarah's baby—"a very little one"—and suggested the jettisoning of those laws and rules with which the old heraldic writers loved to stuff the little science of blazonry until it swelled into a sort of mad Euclid. Certes, some of the old heraldic writers were ridiculous enough; no one would care to accept a brief for Fréron who held that Adam bore a fig-leaf for his arms after the fall, or for Sylvanus Morgan who added to the scanty coat of Adam an apple vert in right of Eve because she was an heiress, but it is

a mistake to suppose the writings of all the old armorists are made up of childish rubbish.

On turning to a small book called "The Antient Usage in Bearing of such Ensigns of Honour as are called Arms", published by the Garter King in 1682, it will be seen that many of the absurdities railed at to-day met with short shrift from that learned expert. Commenting on the use of banners, he says: "I can but blame you of all sorts which shall make choice of banners (which you call colours) so curtein-like and so far from all due order of ancient bearing as may be" etc.; referring to the practice of quartering, he tells his readers: "I could wish that every man would content himself with his own peculiar coat of name and not to use above one quartered therewith at the most . . . it were to be wished that this matter of quartering should be reformed"; touching on differences, he deprecates the use of small marks, appeals to antiquity, and gives for example the Bassetts "who carried their marks of honour very finely and that upon good respect".

We doubt if Mr. S. John Hope or any other modern reformer has a better understanding of first principles than had Sir William Dugdale, but first principles are of little use to the working heraldic artist until he has taken the trouble to study the much-derided "science" of heraldry.

Mr. Barron's article on "Heraldry Revived" was addressed to antiquaries, heralds and others who may wish to rescue heraldry from the hands of the coach-painter, engraver and upholsterer; the purpose of Mr. S. John Hope's technical handbook is to supply the craftsman and designer with an account of the principles of the art of heraldry which "will enable them to work out for themselves the many and various applications of it that are possible to-day". The mention of this ulterior object makes us feel doubtful as to whether Mr. Lethaby, who has written the foreword, is quite accurate when he says Mr. S. John Hope has provided artists with the very thing they want; the object of training a craftsman to become a heraldic artist is to secure him remunerative employment, and this cannot be obtained by applying for orders to Aymar de Valence, John of Eltham, and other illustrious dead. The predecessors of our modern craftsmen were artists unwittingly, because they supplied a live demand; they took their examples from life, they understood the use of such armour as belonged to their day and were not driven to study past fashions. Nowadays ludicrous mistakes can only be avoided by following defined rules and by ransacking treatises on arms and armour.

We are obliged to remember that much water has run under London Bridge since the "best period" of heraldic art. The descendants of mediæval barons and military tenants are not the people to whom the modern craftsman can look for his livelihood; grants of arms made during 400 years cannot be ignored, coats of modern date form the great majority, and the workman, who is urged to observe mediæval precedent and rid himself of the so-called stupid rules which baffle attempts to place heraldry on the pedestal whence it has fallen, will derive little assistance from such advice when called upon to portray a coat like the following which appears in the Lyon Register under date 9 July 1812: "argent, a saltire and chief azure, the last charged with a dexter hand proper, vested with a shirt sleeve argent, issuing from the sinister chief point holding a shoulder of mutton proper to a lion passant or, all within a bordure gules".

If Mr. S. John Hope had been writing a treatise on heraldic art considered in the abstract we could find little fault with his book; the matter is good and so are the drawings, but we caution designers and craftsmen against thinking they can acquire a knowledge of heraldry which can be turned to much pecuniary profit from a mere study of mediæval armoury. Moreover, though Ruskin has very truly described heraldry as being the most brilliant and effective of the arts, a heraldic revival based on recognition of the fact by

designers and craftsmen left to themselves might produce deplorable results. The only guarantee against an abuse of heraldry by artists is the intelligent direction of the artistic movement by the people who should be most interested in heraldry as a science.

#### THE NAVY IN LITERATURE.

**"Flagships Three." By C. E. W. Bean. Alston Rivers. 5s. net.**

CONSIDERING the part played by the Navy in our policy, and the treasure of money, energy, invention and brain that are expended on it, it is strange that it has so small a part in our national literature. To ninety-nine out of a hundred of the people of these islands who pay for its support the life of the Navy is a sealed book, and it can hardly be said that the Admiralty take any considerable pains that it should be otherwise. Yet, quite apart from its military importance, the fact that it is probably the best nursery of character and the best university for education in the elementary business of life that we possess makes it a pity that the man in the street, overwhelmed as he is with information on every useless and unimportant matter under the sun, should know so little about it. For the present generation the curtain was lifted by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "A Fleet in Being". A few years later Mr. Frank Bullen, in a book which was both externally and internally a pretty patent imitation, followed in his footsteps, but a very long way behind. Mr. George Stewart Bowles, in "A Stretch off the Land," gave a very real picture from within of the life of the modern Navy; and recently Mr. Filson Young's "With the Fleet" has provided the more cultivated kind of reader with a group of miniatures from the outside point of view. But with the exception of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and the two last, no writer possessed of enough sea knowledge and enough mastery of an artistic method to transmute into literary form the highly technical and confusing material of naval life has attempted to deal with it seriously. For this reason we are glad to welcome a book on a more ambitious scale in which an Australian journalist, who if he is not a master of style writes quite respectably, attempts to convey something like a complete picture of the outer semblance and the inner significance of the modern warship. His work has a certain Imperial interest also, in that it represents a very genuine and intelligent enthusiasm on the part of the better kind of Australians for the new share which the Dominions are taking in Imperial defence. Mr. Bean's articles first appeared in the Sydney "Morning Herald", and we have no doubt that he is entitled to some share of the credit of Australia's large and patriotic desire not only to contribute efficiently and liberally to Imperial defence, but to have a Navy of her own. Books like this, especially when they are written with such real feeling and enthusiasm, and with such obvious care and desire that the picture presented should be a true one, are real documents of rather considerable utility. We have no doubt that the book will make Mr. Bean's reputation in Australia if it is not already made; but it should also be interesting to readers at home, not only as a picture of naval life but also as a proof that if Australia can produce warships, she can also produce brains to understand their great significance at the present time, as well as the talent and ability to give them reality to the world that never goes down to the sea and is ignorant of the difference between a casemate and a turret.

#### NOVELS.

**"The Regent." By Arnold Bennett. Methuen. 6s.**

IN his new book, which is a sequel to "The Card", Mr. Arnold Bennett has given us another example of the "Get-on-or-Get-out" type of novel. Mr. Bennett has a particular gift of depicting the bounder. He seems to be able to penetrate into his very soul, if

the bounder has one. For the very essence of Mr. Bennett's chief character is his crass materialism, his sordid point of view, his inability to see below mere surface, tinsel and glitter. Edward Henry Machin is indeed a thoroughly objectionable person, and it requires all Mr. Bennett's art, humour and dexterity in the handling of situations, to enable us to read his story without weariness if not actual disgust. In most of us probably exists a streak of meanness, of baseness. Stray thoughts recognised as contemptible will sometimes flit through the mind. But whereas the decent person will repel them with disgust, Edward Henry Machin revels in them riotously and accepts them as the normal outlook on life. The subtle danger of Mr. Bennett's books is that he depicts meanness and low cunning so attractively that the youthful reader—and it is to young people that Mr. Bennett especially appeals—is likely to lose sight of their inherent viciousness. To put a false gloss on things, to make mean qualities seem admirable, is the height of literary immorality.

All this may appear to be taking with ponderous seriousness work which is essentially light-hearted and irresponsible. But Mr. Bennett has achieved such success in the delineation of a certain type of character that it seems timely to point out some of the dangerous tendencies of his work. For he undoubtedly does pander to the spirit of the age, and his books serve as a kind of apologia if not actual glorification of that mean admiration of mean things which is one of the ugliest features of our modern life. "The Regent" is in fact the apotheosis of the cad.

Alderman Edward Henry Machin, arrived at the age of forty-three, the type of provincial pompous prosperity, tires of his life in the Five Towns and seeks new worlds to conquer. Not even the attractions of his own bath-room, the finest bath-room in the Five Towns and fitted with every modern contrivance of luxury and ingenuity, the room in which Edward Henry was happiest and where he would really have liked to spend most of his time, was sufficient to keep him at home. His wife and family frankly bored him. By chance he encounters Mr. Bryany, manager to Mr. Seven Sachs, the arch-famous American actor-playwright, who attempts to sell him an option on a site for a London theatre. Purely out of braggadocio, having a hundred-pound note in his pocket, Edward Henry, after lighting his cigar with a corner of it, hands it over to Mr. Bryany, who is intensely impressed by the action. Going to London a few days later, Edward Henry finds that his fame has preceded him, and so without any real intention of entering into the theatrical business he is led on by flattery and by his ambition to match his wits against Londoners, to go into the enterprise. By various examples of low cunning he obtains the shares of all those interested in the option, and in a very short time his brazen bluff secures him the site whereon he erects his theatre—The Regent.

Mr. Bennett gives a vivid picture of a certain type of London financial, social and theatrical life, and his pages contain some character-sketches admirable in their fidelity. What can be better for instance than the portrait of the great actor Sir Gerald Pompey, "who on the stage looked more like a gentleman than any gentleman ought to look, but in a street might be mistaken for an actor"? And then there are Rose Euclid, the faded actress who refuses to realise that she is no longer young; Carlo Trent, master of the British hexameter; Rollo Wrissel, a patrician dandy; and the American impresario Seven Sachs, perhaps the most sympathetically conceived portrait of them all. Into the company of these and many other entertaining folk Edward Henry finds his way. And we see him always the same mean, shifty little creature, only happy when he is scoring some petty triumph, alternately bullying and fawning, abashed for a moment because he does not know how to eat artichokes and raised to the heights of delirious bliss by the unexpected recognition of him by a countess.

He is aroused to admiration and emulation by hearing how an American actor habitually smoked cigars at twelve shillings apiece. It brought home to him as



nothing else had done the cardinal truth that "no matter how high you may rise, you will always find others have risen higher". How he starts his theatre and how, succumbing to feminine fascination, he stages a "precious" poetical play which involves him in a loss of fifty pounds a week, and how he transforms his failure into gigantic success by the introduction of a rampant suffragette—all these things are told with fantastic humour and unflagging energy by the author. Mr. Arnold Bennett in fact narrates these adventures with evident relish and gusto. And it is impossible to resist the reflexion that in his own work he betrays many of those qualities which he analyses so skilfully in the case of Edward Henry.

**"The Passionate Friends." By H. G. Wells. Macmillan. 6s.**

MR. WELLS has, in his new novel, chosen to take the part of the heavy father. Under the name of Stephen Stratton he sets out to write a book which is to be put into the hands of his little son as soon as the latter passes into manhood, in order that the young generation may learn from the experiences of the old. This is all very well and an excellent idea as a useful hobby for parents, but as an attempt to establish a new relationship between a novelist and the public it has many disadvantages. We respect the talents of Mr. Wells, and we have grown enthusiastic for him as the creator of Kipps, Mr. Lewisham and Marjorie Trafford, but these things do not necessarily imply that we trust him to compile a gazetteer and guide through the world.

Stephen Stratton's story has not the initial merit of originality. He is the son of a country parson, and in the intervals of public school and University education he is allowed to be the companion of Lady Mary Christian. Love grows in these years, and the pair are separated when the time is considered ripe for the girl's marriage with a man of worldly weight. The germ of their story is simply that of "Aylmer's Field"; though it has been bedded deep in modern ideas. Mary is quite capable of the revolt of a twentieth-century girl against her elders, but she consents to their plans because she wishes to keep love and marriage in separate compartments, and she goes from the grasp of a lover's arms towards a husband from whom she will always be divided by "space, air, dignity, endless servants". It is her bid for her only possible kind of freedom, and Stephen is left to wander off to the war with the Boers. South Africa is of course an ideal jumping-off ground for Mr. Wells, since it leads easily and naturally to discussion on physical force, Chinese labour in the mines, and Tariff Reform, and we and the hero are allowed to forget Lady Mary for a long time. When the pair meet again it is difficult to become engrossed in their affairs, but the passionate friendship is resumed for a while, until, in fact, it is detected. The only part of their story which bears much likeness to life is that in which the wife's brothers and cousins bear down on her to remove her from any chance of soiling the family name with the publicity of a divorce. Here Mr. Wells has written with all his old spirit, and in Lord Tarville, one of her kinsmen, he has created a minor but real character.

At this stage however the machinery of the novel is temporarily put out of action. Change of air is the author's unflinching prescription for all difficulties, and Stephen is whirled away for a tour round the world, in the course of which his personal troubles are more or less forgotten. We wish sometimes that Stratton the father could have been content to give his lectures on travel to Stratton the son in the privacy of the home. Why, for instance, should we have to read that "India is not so much one country as a vast spectacle of human development at every stage"? Martin Tupper, as special correspondent of one of the cheaper newspapers, might have evolved this sagacious remark, but it is surely unworthy of Mr. Wells and the public which he has for some years past been educating to an appreciation of the better forms of fiction. His new globe-trotting hero is often a terrible bore, and one day, we

fear, he will be told so by that intelligent youth his son.

Having hustled round three continents and married the woman who is to be the mother of his children, Stephen Stratton has a chance meeting with Mary, but it is harder than ever to take interest in their doings. This final encounter is as one between brother and sister, but circumstances are compromising, and when there is a threat of divorce the woman saves the situation by suicide. Her sacrifice ought to seem splendid, yet it only moves to a mild wonderment. The people of this book are continually talking and thinking, sometimes they even act, but never for a moment do they live. Mr. Wells, having found that the novel is the best vehicle for propagating his ideas, has no right to show open contempt for the novel-reading public as he has done here. A third of his space would have sufficed for the story he has to tell; the rest has been taken up by his observations on things in general, these including his own shrewd thoughts and his platitudes suitable for children. Further, he has been unhappy in his attempt to depict certain phases of life of which his knowledge is neither close nor personal. His idea of the "little dons who career about Oxford afoot and awheel . . . giggling over Spooner's latest" is however so funny that we would not have missed it for any less crazy picture.

**"Eldorado." By the Baroness Orczy. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.**

The sub-title, "A Story of the Scarlet Pimpernel", and a coloured picture similar to well-known pictures of Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson, will suffice to "place" this book for the vast majority of readers. People who like Meredith and the intellectual novel will perhaps require to be introduced to "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and the Baroness Orczy; these we must inform that their fellow-countrymen, to the number of some hundreds of thousands, have bought and eagerly consumed the Baroness's romance of Sir Percy Blakeney, "The Scarlet Pimpernel", and have been to see the highly-successful play manufactured out of the same material. Here is another episode in the career of the same individual. The period, as before, is that of the French Revolution, and, as before, the hero, though an Englishman, is concerned with the self-imposed task of rescuing and aiding the poor and down-trodden and persecuted French, with the assistance of a band of devoted adherents, a remarkable faculty for assuming disguises, and a still more remarkable constitution. O a wonderful constitution! Sir Percy, captured by his enemies, is kept by them from sleep of any kind for seventeen nights and days! This is set down, with details, for the consumption of the British novel-reading public in 1913; and the mere statement will warn readers what they are to expect. Of course, if you do not mind this sort of inanity, you will probably like the story. We have only mentioned the biggest absurdity.

**"Lily Magic." By Mary L. Pendered. Mills and Boon. 6s.**

Amaryllis (known as "Mryll") Whyte and her brother, orphans—or so you must suppose for the present—go to live in a small house in a village. The previous occupant of the small house was a lady who shocked the landlord, the squire (who was a blustering fellow who frightened his timid but loving wife), into giving her notice to quit. The village was full of dissension, backbiting, and religious and social prejudices. All is strictly representative of the average English village-life. Into it comes Mryll, and lo! everything and everybody is regenerated. The squire is made to show his wife a tenderness to which she instantly responds; the Church-people and dissenters are brought together in the bonds of holy charity; a men's club is started; the shocking lady turns out to be not only a positive saint but also Mryll's long-lost mother; and for Mryll's reward—for of course she is the primum mobile that effects all these revolutions—there is a surly-surfaced, kind-hearted young doctor and the

devotion of a lifetime, etc. Dear, dear, what muddle-heads all these politicians are (this, we conceive, is Mrs. Pendered's message); instead of talking Agricultural Depression, Small Holdings, Back to the Land, and so forth, why don't they find a few hundred Mrylls—girls who can thrust their noses into other people's business without being impertinent, and wheedle without becoming unladylike—and plump them down in our villages? Human nature is such a simple thing—to write about, anyhow.

**"Knockinscreen Days." By Jackson C. Clark. Methuen. 6s.**

Novels and tales of Ireland are usually interesting and amusing; this is quite the most unreadable book we have ploughed in—we cannot say through—for many years. There is a ghost of a connected story running through twenty-eight chapters, which are stuffed with episodes and dialogue that do not recall anything Irish to us. If this were done naïvely, we might sympathise; but it is lamentably obvious that the writer thinks he is interesting and amusing. He is apparently a beginner, but not, we should guess, a young man; and the publication of such a farrago is enough to make a critic despair. If there be enough readers to justify publication, it is appalling to imagine their state of mind; if not, how did it come to be published?

### THE LATEST BOOKS.

**"Essays in Rebellion." By Henry W. Nevinson. Nisbet. 6s.**

Mr. Nevinson is in these essays quite the most careful rebel we have met. He makes it difficult for even the most hard-bitten conservative to keep upon terms of enmity. He is a master of the art technically described as "disarming criticism". There is a sort of public speaker who, after stating his position, invariably says "But perhaps it will be objected —", and then goes on to exhaust every possible argument upon the other side. For his professional critics this is a little exasperating. They see their speeches literally taken out of their mouths. Mr. Nevinson practises the method in these "Essays in Rebellion"; but he does it tactfully. Mr. Nevinson makes many statements which must cause some of his readers to bristle with anger and confutation. There will immediately occur to these readers exceptions and objections—a hundred instances where Mr. Nevinson can be only half right or wholly wrong. "The people of vital power, and prolonged, far-reaching influence—the dynamic people—have been rebels." A statement of that kind is, to say the least, provocative. We have heard its like from men, violent and feather-headed, whose reading has not ranged beyond Tom Paine and Henry George. From the majority of radical-socialist orators and writers to-day it would imply little more than an intolerant anxiety to prove that Rabelais was an anti-clerical and that Shakespeare was the son of a working-man and a poacher. But Mr. Nevinson can persuade us to receive it with respect. He so clearly knows how very far so general a statement is from being strictly true. He has read all the other fellows. He has heard of Burke, for instance; can read Burke and enjoy him. He can admit, too, that rebels are not always entirely lovable. He has realised, and he allows for, their little failings; even to the deprecation of their notorious habits of personal uncleanness. "We all know those meetings now", says Mr. Nevinson, "the fraternal handshake, the menagerie smell, the reek of tobacco, the indistinguishable hubbub of tongues, the frothy violence." So candid a friend of rebellion cannot fail to be a little dear to men of property who change their linen. Mr. Nevinson, moreover, appeals to us in another way. He is not only the "full" man who has read well. He can write. Perhaps the most disarming of all his qualities as a polite essayist of rebellion is his style. We cannot help feeling that a man who praises his own side so sensibly and in such good English could praise us if he gave his mind to it.

**"Anthony Trollope: His Work, Associates, and Originals." By T. H. S. Escott. Lane. 10s. 6d. net.**

It is rather refreshing—in these days of popular novelists bridling about the restricted sales of their artistic, important works owing to Mrs. Grundy and the libraries—to turn to a book about Anthony Trollope and "Barchester Towers". We must say there is a good deal of this book, pleasant and gossiping though it be, that we could do without, for the lives and surroundings of great writers are often strangely

uninteresting when we know them; it is when they are remote or obscure that the ordinary lives and doings of the great are so interesting. As to Trollope, we remember reading part of his autobiography a few years ago and finding it distinctly commonplace. Moreover it seemed to us he went into the pecuniary side of his work in the spirit of an accountant. But Trollope was great, a master of real life in fiction, and his best books will beyond the faintest doubt be read and rejoiced in when the novels of to-day are clean forgotten. Trollope could write of party politics and politicians better than any English novelist, save Disraeli of course. His men and women are live and real as Thackeray's. As for "Barchester Towers" it is consummate. We read it once immediately after reading and being absorbed in "Anna Karenina"—about as severe a test as there could be—and all through it held us. Mr. Escott writes very well of "Barchester Towers". The Established Church, he says, was to Trollope from "his pervadingly official point of view a branch of the Civil Service, which could not properly be carried on if irregular influences and emotions or imperfectly qualified persons were allowed to have a voice in it. Hence the famous caricature of the She ecclesiastic in 1857". Mr. Escott gives some interesting facts as to how Trollope imagined Slope. We are not sure that Trollope's Slope does not surpass Jane Austen's Collins.

**"Our National Church." By Lord Robert Cecil and the Rev. H. J. Clayton. Warne. 1s. net.**

Few better equipped writers than Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. H. J. Clayton, Lecturer to the Central Church Committee, have approached the difficult task of compiling a short, popular history of the Church of England. They have shown a notable tact of omission. To deal with seventeen centuries of Church history in some two hundred pages of a pocket-sized volume is something of an achievement. Omissions there must be, but nothing essential has been left out. The authors have not given us a mere string of unilluminating dates accompanied by a summary of facts. Rather have they written a brilliant descriptive essay, illustrating the main epochs in the history of the Church. Their work is inspired by genuine enthusiasm. They are proud of the Church of England, proud of its history, its traditions, its Liturgy, its reasoned liberty combined with Catholic faith, and would have others share their pride. The authors deal fairly with the facts with which they are concerned. Incidentally no book is more calculated to dispel the many glaring misconceptions that exist about the Church of this land. Even Churchmen are often woefully ignorant of Church history; and of the ecclesiastical constitution, questions of internal organisation, discipline or finance the average layman knows practically nothing. The history of the Church is a national possession, and this book might well be used as a text-book in every Church school. Writing of the vexed and stormy period of the Reformation, the authors state the position with great lucidity. "Abroad there was destruction and schism, while in England there was reconstruction and preservation, continuity with the past being carefully preserved. . . . There was no abolition of one Church that another might be set up in its place, for both as regards name, life, doctrine, holy orders and property there is a complete continuity between the pre-Reformation and the existing Church of England." So far from condemning the "glorious comprehensiveness" of the Church, the authors see in it a sign of strength. "During the past 120 years there have been three great schools of thought in the Church—the Evangelicals, the Oxford Movement, and the Broad Church—and each has added something to her spiritual life. Stated quite briefly, the Evangelicals insisted on the principle of justification by faith and the necessity of conversion; the Oxford reformers dwelt on the importance of the Church and her sacraments; the Broad Churchmen emphasised good moral living as the test of real Christianity. These are not opposites, for 'the system of grace, the response of faith, the result in obedience' are in reality part of one great whole. Accordingly the English Church has a special mission to fulfil, just because it holds fast to the Bible and to primitive days, whilst at the same time it accepts what was good in the great upheaval of thought in the sixteenth century."

**"The Opinions of Jerome Coignard." By Anatole France. A Translation by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. Lane. 6s. net.**

M. Anatole France presents us with a very engaging figure. Monsieur l'Abbé Coignard, philosopher and Christian, mingled in an incomparable union the epicureism that wards off grief and the holy simplicity that leads to joy. Although accepting Christian and Catholic principles, he did not deny himself the deduction of some original conclusions therefrom. Rooted in orthodoxy, his luxuriant



spirit flourished singularly in epicurism and in humility. Never did a mind show itself at once so bold and so pacificatory, nor soften its disdain with greater gentleness. Tenderly, he despised men. He came to consider pride as the source of the greatest evil, and the one vice against nature. All principles appeared equally contestable to him. Still he was never a revolutionary. He had too few illusions for that. His disciple Jacques Tournebroche asked him at times whether he were not afraid that his critical philosophy might not have the effect of toppling down what he wished to preserve. "My son", replied M. l'Abbé Coignard, "I have ever remarked that men's prejudices are the source of their ills, just as spiders and scorpions issue from the gloom of cellars and the damp of back-gardens. It is just as well to pass the Turk's head or the broom at random now and then in these dark corners." With considerable art M. Anatole France builds up for us a very life-like picture of his Jerome Coignard, the Abbé of many opinions, who was always ready to express his views on any subject, but who yet never fell into the trap of sententiousness. The book abounds in epigrams. Here are two: "Truths, detected by the intelligence, will for ever remain sterile. The heart alone can fertilise its dreams". "To help mankind one must throw aside all reason as an encumbrance, and rise on the wings of enthusiasm. So long as we reason we shall never soar." The book is capably translated by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson.

"Vincent de Paul, Priest and Philanthropist. 1576-1660." By E. K. Sanders. Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 16s. net.

"Ruinez en moi, Seigneur, tout ce qui vous y déplaît." These words—on his lips in his extreme old age—are the keynote to the life and character of S. Vincent de Paul. In his book on "Pascal" Viscount S. Cyres writes almost with a note of scorn of Vincent de Paul as "the patron saint of practical philanthropists", and remarks "practical philanthropists seldom escape a touch of superficiality. They may be content with little, with small profits and quick returns, but a brisk turnover they must have".

But to regard Vincent of Paul merely as a pioneer of social reform and organised charity is a one-sided view. It is true that he was a successful philanthropist and that in the sixteenth century by a combination of inspiration and experience he arrived at conclusions which are regarded as discoveries in the twentieth. As Mr. Sanders points out, he dealt almost single-handed with problems of destitution involving many thousands of lives, and devised remedies which are still in use for some of the diseases of social life. He realised and met the need of the teaching and tending of the young, the nursing of the sick, the aiding of the prisoner, and passed on to the more difficult enterprises that concern the fallen and the wastrel. In his old age he was hailed as "Father of his Country", and in the Paris of the present day his effigy may still be seen presiding at the corner of those streets where the poor will find assistance for their wants.

But all his good works were in reality the outcome of a deep spirituality, and the full meaning of his charity is the "ascent of the ladder of love", of which Ruysbroeck writes. Mr. Sanders has given us a singularly attractive and discriminating biography of a really noble character. He succeeds in bringing the man before us, depicting the homely persuasiveness of his methods and the holiness of his life, which was the true secret of his extraordinary power.

"Bossuet." By Ferdinand Brunetière. Preface by Victor Giraud Hachette. 3fr. 50c.

Brunetière had quite a fanatical adoration for Bossuet, frequently lectured and wrote about him, and right up to the end intended his literary masterpiece to be a complete study of his idol. Why was it he continually put off the effort? M. Giraud, a friend of his, has one or two suggestions. The first is Brunetière's dislike of setting down anything absolutely definitive in an appreciation of his idol. Once before he had written in that sharp-cut, peremptory style of his about some other literary figure, and he had ever since regretted one or two of his judgments. The other point is that he may have come to realise that he was really more in intellectual sympathy with Pascal than with Bossuet. To Bossuet he had some curious resemblances, but of a somewhat superficial kind—e.g. the fierce masterfulness of his pen as contrasted with the suave gentleness of his ordinary manners. But it must have been well-nigh impossible for a thinker and writer of Brunetière's extraordinary insight and ability not to have perceived that his idol had feet of clay, and that compared with Pascal's versatile, universal genius Bossuet appears nothing more than a man of exceeding great talent. However that may be, everybody who wants to know

the essential Bossuet and to read some of the most brilliant description and criticism of his life and times should get the book.

"My Motor Milestones." By the Baroness Campbell von Laurentz. Jenkins. 5s. net.

The Baroness von Laurentz writes in an easy and entertaining fashion for those who contemplate their first motor tour abroad. She condescends to details which are too often ignored or taken for granted by writers upon these matters, and her book is correspondingly useful. To the question "Is it very expensive to take a car abroad?" she replies "No, if you go the right way about it". And the right way is to shed English customs and habits as fast as you can, avoid the large and expensive hotels, take your déjeuner at twelve o'clock and your dinner at seven and generally conform to the customs of the country. The Baroness gives racy descriptions of motor runs through France, from Brittany to Dauphiné and to Algiers. The book is illustrated by a number of photographs.

## THE TOOLS OF LEARNING.

"Stories from History and Literature." By A. G. Caton. Macmillan. 1s. 3d.

"An Introduction to World History." By M. W. Keatinge and N. L. Fraser. Black. 2s.

"Life in Olden Times in Babylon and Assyria." By Eleanor Trotter. Macdonald and Evans. 1s. 6d. net.

"A Brief History of Greece and Rome." By the Rev. E. C. Everard Owen. Blackie. 3s. 6d.

"A Digest of British History." By S. H. McGrady. Ralph, Holland. 2s. 6d.

"Junior British History, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." By R. L. Givens and F. W. Bewsher. Rivingtons. 3s.

"A Social History of England." By George Guest. Bell. 1s. 6d.

The need of some knowledge of the world's history on the part of the ordinary child is now conceded by most educationists. It is difficult to resist the argument summarised by the question "What do they know of England who only England know?" Miss Caton's solution may perhaps be described as the seven-leagued-boot method. In some forty-eight pages she steps from Hammurabi to Tolstoy, and deals not only with history but also with literature. The stories are, of course, intended for very youthful minds, but their tone renders them, we think, more suitable for girls than for boys. Of a more substantial nature is the "Introduction to World History" by Messrs. Keatinge and Fraser. The name of the Reader in Education at Oxford is a sufficient guarantee for all who are acquainted with his masterly study on the teaching of history that the work is on thoroughly modern lines. The book likewise starts with Chaldaea and ends up with a chapter on social and political tendencies. The treatment of the latter, from obvious lack of space, strikes us as the least satisfactory chapter in an otherwise very satisfactory book. "Life in Olden Times in Babylon and Assyria" should prove very interesting to young pupils. It is profusely illustrated by photographs of objects from the Babylonian and Assyrian collections in the British Museum, many of which are excellent, and only one (that on page 85) is really unsatisfactory. The book should prove most valuable as a reader for any class of London children, who after being taken through it by their teacher might pay a visit to the Museum to see the actual objects from which the photographs it contains have been taken. It might also be used as an adjunct to Scripture lessons in place of some of the flaccid commentary that some teachers think it their duty to spin in class. "A Brief History of Greece and Rome" appears to be composed on sensible lines. The author does not attempt to put a quart of facts into a pint pot, but selects the most salient features and episodes and judiciously suppresses those of secondary importance. In place of Chapter X. in the history of Rome, "On the Progress of Rome from a Country Town to an Empire", we should have preferred a chapter on life under the Empire. Imperial Rome has yet to come to its own in school histories. The book is adequately illustrated by maps in both sections. Thanks to its conciseness, it may also be recommended for modern sides or for non-classical schools. "A Digest of British History" is constructed on exactly the opposite system. It is a triumph in filing and pigeon-holing facts. Such books have, of course, their use; the danger lies in their being prematurely employed. It begins with palaeolithic man and includes the present Home Rule Bill and the White Slave Act. The "Junior British History"

of Messrs. Givcen and Bewsher is based on the larger "British History" by Mr. Cecil Smith and the authors of the present work. It contains some useful résumés of European history from time to time. The social side of history is also duly noticed. The style is simple and straightforward, but the authors religiously eschew the purple patch. There is little or nothing in it to fire the dramatic instinct of the young. "A Social History of England" would make a suitable reader for middle forms in secondary schools. It contains some interesting and appropriate illustrations, and there are some useful summaries at the end. Nearly a whole page is given to the recommendations of the Minority Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law, but not one word is said about the growing movement towards Protection, it being apparently calmly assumed that the question was settled by the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846.

"Prima Legenda: First Year Latin Lessons." By J. Whyte. Cambridge University Press. 1s. 4d.

"Deutsche Stunden." By V. Krüger. Blackie. 2s.

"Classified French Unseens." By W. G. Hartog. Clive. 2s.

"Voyage au Centre de la Terre." Par Jules Verne. Adapted and Edited by Eugene Pellissier. Macmillan. 2s.

"A French Dramatic Reader." Compiled by M. Ceppi. Bell. 2s.

"Cours de Français d'après les Textes." Par M. Anceau and E. Magee. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

The flow of classical books from the publishers has rather slackened if anything of recent years. On the other hand, the output of modern language books seems to have maintained its volume. "Prima Legenda" is an attempt to reduce the elements of Latin to their simplest form. Though intended as a foundation for oral lessons, all questions and answers are omitted. Space no doubt is gained thereby, but it might be advisable in a subsequent edition to supply a page or two at the beginning of typical questions with a list of query words such as quando, quare, unde, etc., as well as a few simple orders in Latin for class-room use. "Deutsche Stunden" is a useful introduction to German, framed on modern lines, and elastic enough to be used alike by teachers of the "new-methods" type and by those who hold to the older system of teaching modern languages. It is clearly the production of an experienced teacher. "Classified French Unseens" is one of the many books produced to "best" the examiner. The underlying idea is, however, a good one. By means of grouping together pieces of which the subjects are similar the student is trained to acquire adequate vocabularies in portraiture, scenery, criticism, military topics etc. Messrs. Macmillan have just added to their Elementary French Series the "Voyage au Centre de la Terre" by that Alexandre Dumas of science, Jules Verne. The book is, as one may expect, well and exhaustively edited, and its subject-matter should prove the joy of many pupils. M. Marc Ceppi's "Dramatic Reader" should be welcome to those teachers who believe in appealing to the dramatic instinct of their pupils as a means of convincing them of the reality of the language. The earlier pieces in the book are sufficiently short to be readily learnt and acted by the class. The title "Cours de Français d'après les Textes" sufficiently explains the book. It is a very conscientious and thorough piece of work, but unless translation is allowed, at least at the outset, we fancy the texts themselves will be found rather difficult.

"Outlines of Victorian Literature." By Hugh Walker and Mrs. Hugh Walker. Cambridge University Press. 3s. net.

The Victorian literature is now sufficiently stratified through lapse of time for the literary critic to take it in hand. Mr. Hugh Walker has apparently already brought out a volume on the subject, and it is of the more ambitious work that he and Mrs. Hugh Walker have produced a smaller version to serve as a sort of Baedeker to the average schoolboy set down to explore what must be to him already a remote country. It is not particularly inspiring, but, on the other hand, it is sensible and readable. Moreover, while indicating clearly the well-known landmarks of the period, the authors have avoided the pitfall of filling in their map with too many names. Incidentally they bring out very clearly what we would call the manse and country parsonage influence, which was certainly predominant during the period.

"An Elementary Historical Geography of the British Isles." By M. S. Elliott. Black. 1s. 6d.

"The British Empire with its World Setting." (Junior Regional Geography.) By J. B. Reynolds. Black. 1s. 4d.

Of the making of books on geography there is apparently no end. Nothing seems to come amiss to the geographer.

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"Principles and Practice of School Gardening." By Alexander Logan. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Logan has written an excellent book on school gardening. Our only doubt is whether his book is not too full and advanced for the average pupil in the elementary schools. To the teacher who runs a school garden it should be invaluable, but until we have, south of the Tweed, higher elementary schools seriously studying the subject, or agricultural sides attached to our country secondary schools, we fear his scholastic public will be somewhat limited. Happily it is a book that we can commend to the adult. It is packed with first-hand information of a practical kind. Of course, in putting together a book of this kind an author must pick and choose, but we should like to have had his views on the pros and cons of the utility of the wasp. We wonder, too, how many country people realise that the apparently harmless "daddy longlegs" is the final and finished incarnation of the wire worm. We fancy that once they know it the number of "daddy longlegs" in their neighbourhood would be likely rapidly to decrease.

"A Primer of English Citizenship for use in Schools." By F. Swann. Longmans. 1s. 6d.

The machinery of Government is always rather a dull subject to boys, but Mr. Frederic Swann has done his best to render it somewhat less arid than usual. Some of the "questions for discussion and research" strike us, however, as unduly naïve—e.g. "Differentiate between the use of the word 'minister' as a servant of religion and as a servant of the State". One irreverently thinks of the parallel between Alexander the Great and Alexander the coppersmith.

For this Week's Books see pages 344 and 346.

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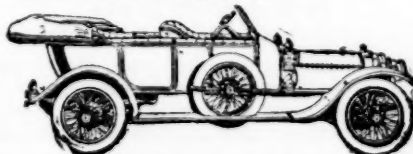
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(Continued on page 346).

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Six Months' Interest payable 1st April, 1914.

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£43 " " " 1st October, 1913.

£50 " " " 17th November, 1913.

£98

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